

GREENES ARCADIA,

^{O R}
MENAPHON : C A-

MILLARS Alarum to slumber E v-
PHVES in his Melancholy Cell at
SILEXEDRA.

*Wherein are descyphered, the variable effects of
FORTVNE, the wonders of LOVE, the
triumphs of inconstant TIME.*

A worke, worthy the yongest eares for pleasure,
^{O R,}
The grauest censures for principles.

By ROBERTVS GREENE, in Artibus Magister.

Omne tulit punctum.



L O N D O N

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NEW YORK

1850

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TO THE GENTLEMEN
STVDENTS OF BOTH
VNIVERSITIES.



Virtuous, and wise, whose iudgements (not entangled with enuy) enlarge the deserts of the learned, by your liberall censures: vouchsafe to welcome your Scholler-like Shepherd, with such Vniuersitie entertainment, as either the nature of your bounty, or the custome of your common ciuility may afford. To you he appeales that knew him *ab extrema pueritia*, whose places hee accounts the *plaudits*, of his paines: thinking his day-labour was not altogether lausht *sine linea*, if there be any thing at all in it, that doth *alere Atticum* in your estimate. I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age is grown of late, so that every Mechanicall mate abhorreth the English he was borne to, and plucks with a solemne periphrasis, his *vt vales* from the inke-horne, which I impute, not so much to the perfection of Arts, as to the sexuile imitation of vaine-glorious Tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excell in action, as to embowell the cloudes in a speech of comparison, thinking themselves more then initiated in Poets immortality, if they but once get *Boreas* by the beard, and the heavenly Bull by the dew-lap. But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to folly, as their ideot Art-masters, that intrude themselves to our eares, as the Alcumists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) thinke to out-braue better Pens with the swelling bumbast of bragging blabke verse. Indeede it may bee, the ingrafted ouer-flow of some kind of vncōre, that ouer-cloyeth their

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their imagination with a more then drunken resolution, being not extemporall in the inuention of any other meanes to vent their man-hood, commits the digestion of their cholericke incumbrances, to the spacious volubilitie of a drumming decasillabon. Mongst this kinde of men, that repose eternitie in the mouth of a Player, I can but ingrosse some deep-read Schoolemen or Grammarians, who hauing no more learning in their skull, then will serue to take vp a commoditie, nor Art in their braine, then was nourished in a Seruing-mans idlenesse, will take vpon them to bee the ironical Censors of all, when God and Poetrie doth know they are the simplest of all. To leaue all these to the mercy of their Mother tongue, that feed on nought but the crumbs that fall from the translators trencher, I come (sweet friend) to thy *Arcadian Menaphon*, whose attyre (though not so stately, yet comely) doth intitle thee aboue all other, to that *temperatum dicendi genus*, which *Tully* in his Orator termeth true eloquence. Let other men (as they please) praise the Mountayne that in seuen yeetes bringeith forth a Mouse, or the Italianate Pen, that of a packet of pillsries, affords the Presse a pamphlet or two in an Age, and then in disguised array vaunts *Onids* and *Plinarches* plumes as their owne: but giue mee the man, whose extemporall veine in any humour, will excell our greatest Art-Masters deliberate thoughts, whose inuentions quicker then his eye, will challenge the prowdest Rhetorician, to the contention of like perfection, with like expedition.

What is he among Students so simple, that cannot bring forth (*tanquam aliquando*) some or other thing singular, sleeping betwixt every sentence? What is not *Maroes* twelue yeeres toyle, that so famed his twelue *Eneid*? Or *Peter Ramus* sixteene yeeres paines, that so praised his petty Logicke? How is it then, our drowping wits should so wonder at an exquisite line, that was his Masters day-labour? Indeeed I must needs say, the descending yeeres from the Philosophers *Athens*, haue not beene supplied with such present Orators, as were able in any English veine to be eloquent

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quent of their owne, but either they must borrow inuention of *Ariosto*, & his countrimen, take vp choice of words by exchange in *Tullius Tusculans*, & the Latine Historiographers store-houses, similitudes, nay whole sheers, & tractates *verbatim*, from the plentie of *Plutarch* and *Plinius*; and to conclude, their whole methode of writing, from the libertie of Comickall fictions, that haue succeeded to our Rhetoricians by a second imitation; so that wel may the Adage, *Nil dictum quod non dictum prius*, bee the most iudiciall estimate of our latter Writers. But the hunger of our vsfariate humorists, being such as it is, ready to swallow all draffe without difference, that insinuates it selfe to their senses vnder the name of delights, imploies oftentimes many thredbare wits, to emptye their inuention of their Apish deuices, and talke most superficially of Politie, as those that neuer were gowne in the Vniuersitie; wherein they reuiue the old said Adage, *Sus Minervam*, and cause the wiser to quippe them with *Assinus ad lyram*. Would Gentlemen and riper iudgements admit my motion of moderation in a matter of folly, I would perswade them to physicke their faculties of seeing and hearing, as the Sabrans doe their dulled senses with smelling: who (as *Strabo* reporteth) over-cloyd with such odoriferous saours as the naturall increase of their Country (*Balsamum*, *Anomum*, with *Myrrhe* and *Frankincense*) sends forth, refresh their nostrills with the vsfauourie sent of the pitchy fume, that *Euphrates* cast vp, & the contagious fumes of goats beards burned: so would I haue them, being surfeited vnawares with the sweet society of eloquence, which the lauish of our copious language may procure, to vse the remedie of contraries, and recreate their rebated wits; not as they did, with the senting of slime or Goats beards burned, but with the quer-seeing of that *sublime discendi genus*, which walks abroad for waste paper in each Seruing-mans pocket, and the otherwhile perusing of our Coshamists barbarisme; so should the opposit comparision of *Puritie*, expell the infection of *Absurditie*, and their over-racked Rhetoricke, bee the Ironickall recreation of the Reader.

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But so false Discrepant is the idle vsage of our vnexperi-
enced and illiterate Punks from this prescription, that a
tale of *Isidore of Brainford* will, and the vnlucky Prumenty,
will be as soone entertained into their Libraries; as the best
Poeme that euer *Tasso* eterniz'd: which being the effect of
an vndiscerning Iudgement, makes drosse as valuable as gold,
and losse as wel-come as gaine; the Glow-worme mentio-
ned in *Aesop's* Fables, namely, the Apes folly, to be mistaken
for fire, when as God wor, poore soules, they haue nought
but their toyle for their heate, their paines for their sweat,
and (to bring it to our English Prouerbe) their labour for
their trashell. Wherein I can but resemble them to the Pan-
ther, who is so greedy of mens excrements, that if they bee
hanged vp in a vessell higher then his reach, hee sooner kills
himselfe with the outstretching of his windlesse body,
then hee will cease from his intended enterprise. Of this I
observed what I now recorde: a secular wit that hath li-
ued all dayes of his life by, what doe you lack? to be more
iudiciall in matters of conceit, then our quadrant crepun-
dious, that spit *et eo* in the mouth of every one they meete:
yet those and these are affectionate to dogged detraeing,
as the most poysonous *Pasquils*, any durty-mouthed *Mur-
der*, or *Momus* euer composed, is gathered vp with greedie-
nesse, before it fall to the ground, and bought at the dearest,
though they smell of the Priesters saulder, halfe a yeere af-
ter for I know not how the minde of the meaneest is sed
with this folly, that they impute singularkie, to him that
flanders priuily, and count it a great piece of Art in an Anke-
borne man, in any Paperly certines whatsoeuer, to expose
his Superstitions to enuy. I will not deny, but in Scholer-like
matters of controuersie, a quicker stile may passe as com-
mendable, and that a quip to an Ass is as good as a goad
to an Oxe: but when the Irregular Tutor, that was vp to the
eates in Disputie, before euer he met with *probabile* in the
Vnluckie, shall leaue *pro & contra*, before hee can scarcely
pronounce it, and come to correct common Weales, that
neuer heard of the name of Magistrate, before hee came to

Cambridge, it is no marvaile if every Ale-house vaunt the table of the world turned vpside downe, since the Child beareth his Father, and the Assle whippeth his Master. But lest I might seeme with these night-stowes, *Nimic enim in Italia* *liena republica*, I will turne backe to my first Text of Studies of delight, and talke a little in friendship with a few of our triuiall Translators. It is a common practice now aduers amongst a sort of shifking Companions, that runne through euery Art, and thrise by none, to leaue the trade of *Voluntarij*, whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the induors of Art, that could scarcely Latinize their neck-verse, if they should haue neede: yet English *Sonnetts* read by Candle-light, yeelds many good sentences, as *Blondus* is a *Begger*, and so forth: and if you intereste him fast in a frosty morning, hee will affoord you whole Hamlets, I should say, handfuls of Tragical speeches. But, O griefe! *Tempus edax rerum*, whats that will last alwayes? The Sea exhaleth by drops, will in continuance bee drie: and *Senneca* her blood line by line, and page by page, at length must neede dye to our stage; which makes his famished followers to imitate the Kid in *Aspe*, who enamoured with the Boxes new-fangles, forooke all hopes of life to leape into a new occupation: and these men renouncing all possibilities of credite or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian Translations: Wherein, how poorely they haue plodded, (as those that are neither Pouerzal-men, nor are able to distinguish of Articles) let all indifferent Gentlemen that haue travelled in that tongue, discern by their two-penny Pamphlets. And no marvell though their home-borne medlocric bee such in this matter; for what can bee hoped of those, that thrust *Elysium* into hel, and haue not learned so long as they haue liued in the Sphaeres, the last measure of the Horizon without an Hexameter? Sufficeth them to dodge vps blank verse with *ist* and *and*, and other while for recreation after their Candle-stuffe, hauing starched their beards most curiously, to make a Peripateticall path into the inner parts of the Cicle, and spend two or three houres in turning ouer French

French Demdis, where they attract more infection in one minute, then they can do eloquence all daies of their life, by conversing with any Authors of like argument. But lest in this declamatorie vein, I should condemne all, and commend none, I will propound to your learned imitation, those men of import, that haue laboured with credite in this laudable kinde of Translation. In the forefront of whom, I cannot but place that aged Father *Erasmus*, that inuested most of our Greeke writers in the robes of the ancient Romanes, in whose traces *Philip Melancthon*, *Sadolet*, *Plantine*, and many other reuerend Germanes insisting, haue reedified the ruines of our decayed Libraries, and maruellously enriched the Latine tongue with the expence of their toyle. Not long after, their emulation being transported into England, euery priuate Schoole, *William Turner*, and who not, beganne to vaunt their mastering of Latine, in English impressions. But amongst others in that age, *Sir Thomas Eliots* elegance did sever it selfe from all equals, although *Sir Thomas Moore* with his comical wit, at that instant was not altogether idle: yet was not knowledge fully confirmed in her Monarchy amongst vs, till that most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, *Saint Iohns* in *Cambridge*, that at that time was as an Vniuersity within it selfe, shining so farre aboue all other Houses, Halls, and Hospitalls, whatsoeuer, that no Colledge in the Towne, was able to spare with the Tithe of her Students, hauing (as I haue heard graue men of credit report) more Candles light in it, euery Winter morning before foure of the clock, then the foure of the clock Bell gaue strokes: till she (I say) as a pittyng Mother, put to her helping hand, and sent from her fruitfull wombe, sufficient Scholers, both to support her owne Weale, as also to supply all other inferior foundations defects, and namely, that royall erection of *Trinitie Colledge*, which the Vniuersitie Orator in an Epistle to the Duke of Somerset, aptly termed *Colonia deducta*, from the Suburbs of *Saint Iohns*. In which extraordinary conception, *Uno partu in rem publicam prodire*, the Exchequer of eloquence, *Sir Iohn Cheske*, a man of men, supernaturally

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naturally traded in all tongues, Sir *Iohn Mafon*, Doctor *Watson*, *Redman*, *Ascam*, *Grindal*, *Leuer*, *Pittinians* all which haue cyther by their priuate readings, or publike workes, repute the errorrs of Arte, expelled from their puritie, and let before our eyes a more perfect methode of studie.

But how ill their precepts haue prospered with our idle age, that leaue the fountaines of Sciences, to follow the Ri- uers of Knowledge, their ouer-fraught Studies, with trifling compendiarie, may testifie: for I know not how it cometh to passe, by the doting practice of our Diuinitie Dunces, that striue to make their Pupils pulpit-men, before they are reconciled to *Priscian*: but those yeeres which should be employed in *Aristotle*, are expired in Epitomes, and well too, they may haue so much Catechisme vacation, to take vp a little refuse Philosophy.

And heere I could enter into a large fielde of inuestiue against our abiect abbreviations of Artes, were it not growne to a new fashion among our Nation, to vaunt the pride of contraction] in euery manuarie action: insomuch, that the *Pater-noster*, which was wont to fill a sheet of Paper, is written in the compasse of a penny: whereupon one merrily assumed that Prouerbe to be deriued, *No penny, no pater-noster*. Which their nice curtayling putteth mee in minde of the custome of the Scythians, who if they had beene at any time distressed with famine, tooke in their girdles shorter, and swaddled themselves straighter, to the intent, no *VACUUM* being left in their intrailles, hunger should not so much tyrannize ouer their stomackes: euen so these men oppressed with a greater penurie of Arte, doe pound their capacitie in barren Compendiums, and bound their base humours in the beggerly straights of a hungry *Analysis*, left longing after that *infinitum*, which the pouertie of their conceit cannot compass, they sooner yeeld vp their youth to destinie, then their heart to vnderstanding.

How is it then such bungling practitioners in principles, should euer profit the Common-wealth by their negligent paines, who haue no more cunning in Logicke or Dialogue

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Latine, then appertaines to the literall construction of eyther: neuertheless, it is daily apparant to our domestickall eyes, that there is none so forward to publish their imperfections, either in their trade of glose or translations, as those that are more vnlearned then ignorant, and lesse conceiuing than Infants. Yet dare I not impute absurditie to all of that societie, although some of them haue set their names to their simplicitie. Who euer my priuate opinion condemneth as faultie, Master *Gascoigne* is not to bee abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beate the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired to since his departure, whereto hee did ascend, by comparing the Italian with the English, as *Tully* did *Græcæ cum Latinis*. Neither was M. *Turberuile* the worst of his time, though in translating hee attributed too much to the necessitie of the time. And in this page of praise, I cannot omit aged *Arthur Golding*, for his industrious toyle in Englishing *Ouids Metamorphosis*, besides many other exquisite editions of diuinitie, turned by him out of the French tongue into our owne. M. *Phaer* likewise is not to be forgot, in regard of his famous *Virgil*, whose heauenly verse, had it not beene blemished by his haucie thoughts, England might haue long insulted his wit, and *corrigeat qui potest* haue beene subscribed to his workes. But Fortune, the Mistris of change, with a pitying compassion, respecting Master *Stanbursts* prayse; would that *Phaer* should fall, that hee might ryse, whose heroicall poetry inspired, I should say inspired with an hexameter furie, recalled to life, what euer histed Barbarisme hath been buried this hundred yeece: and reuiued by his ragged quill such carterly varietie, as no Hodge ploughman in a Country but would haue held as the extremitie of clownerie: a patterne whereof I will propound to your iudgements, as neere as I can, being part of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus.

*Then did he make heauens vault to rebound,
with rounce robble bobble,
Of russe raffe roaring,
with shwicke shwack, shurlerie bouncing.*

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Which strange language of the firmament, neuer subiect before to our common phrase, make vs that are not vsed to terminate heauens mouing in the accents of any voice, esteeme of their triobulare Interpreter, as of some Thrasenically huffed snuffe: for so terrible was his stile to all milde eares, as would haue affrighted our peaceable Poets from intermedling hereafter, with that quarrelling kinde of verse, had not sweet Master *France*, by his excellent translation of Master *Thomas Watsons* sugred *Amintas*, animated their dulled spirits, to such high-witted inducours. But I know not how, their ouer-timorous cowardise hath stood in awe of enuie, that no man since him durst imitate any of the worst of those Romane wonders in English: which makes me thinke, that either the louers of mediocritie are very many, or that the number of good Poets are very small, and in truth, (Master *Watson* except, whom I mentioned before) I know not almost any of late dayes, that hath shewed himselfe singular in any special Latine Poeme: whose *Amintas*, and translated *Antigone*, may march in equipage of honour, with any of your ancient Poets: I will not say but we had a *Haddon*, whose pen would haue challenged the Lawrell from *Homer*, together with *Car* that came as neere him as *Virgil* to *Theocritus*. But *Thomas Newton* with his *Lesland*, and *Gabriel Harney*, with two or three other, is almost all the store that is left vs at this houre. Epitaphers, and position Poets, wee haue more then a good many, that swarme like Crowes to a dead carcasse, but flie like Swallowes in the Winter, from any continueate subiect of wit.

The efficient whereof, I imagine to issue from the vpstart discipline of our reformatorie Churchmen, who account wit vanitie, and Poetry impietie: whose error, although the necessitie of Philosophie might confute, which lies couched most closely vnder darke fables profunditie, yet I had rather referre it as a disputatiue plea by Diuines, then set it downe as a determinate position in my vnexperienced opinion. But how euer their dissentious iudgements should decree in their after-noone sessions of *an sit*, the priuate truth of my discou-

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red Creepe in this controuersie is this, that as that beast was thought scarce worthy to be sacrificed to the Egyptian *Ephus*: who had not some or other blacke spot on his skin: so I deeme him farre vnworthy the name of a scholler, and so consequently to sacrifice I endeouours to Art, that is not a Poet, either in whole or in part.

And heere peradventure, some desperate quipper vwill canuaze my purposed comparison *Plus ultra*, reconciling the allusion of the blacke spot, to the blacke pot, which maketh our Poets vndermeale Muses too mutinous, as euery flanzo they pen after dinner, is full pointed with a stabbe. Which their dagger drunkenesse, although it might bee excused with *tam Marti, quam Mercurio*, yet will I couer it as well as I may with that prouerbiall *facundi calices*, that might well haue beene deore-keeper to the kenne of *Silennus*, when nodding on his Ass trapped vwith Iuie, hee made his moist nose-cloth the pausing *intermediu* twixt euery nappe. Let frugall schollers, and fine-fingered nouices, take their drinke by the ounce, and their wine by the halfe-penny worths: but it is for a Poet to examine the pottle pots, and gage the bottome of whole gallons, *qui bene vult poicin, debet antepoicin*. A pot of blew burning ale, with a fiery flaming toste, is as good as *Pallas* with the nine Muses on *Pernassus* top: without the which, in vaine they may cry, O thou my Muse, inspire mee with some pen, when they want certaine liquid sacrifice to rouze her forth her denne.

Pardon mee (Gentlemen) though somewhat merrily I glance at their immoderate folly, who as firme, that no man writes with conceit, except hee take counsell of the cup: nor would I haue you thinke, that *Theonino dente*, I arme my stile against all, since I doe know the moderation of many Gentlemen of that studie, to bee so farre from infamie, as their verse from equalitie: whose sufficiencie, were it as well scene into, by those of higher place, as it wanders abroad vnrewarded in the mouthes of vngratefull monsters, no doubt but the remembrance of *Mecenas* liberalitie extended to *Maro*, and men of like qualitie, would haue left no memory to that prouerbe

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prouerbe of pouertie, *Si nihil utiliteris, ibis Homere foras*. Tush, say our English Italians, the finest wits our climate sends forth, are but drie-brained dolts in comparison of other countries: whom if you interrupt with *radde rationem*, they will tell you of *Petrarch*, *Tasso*, *Cellano*, with an infinite number of others, to whom if I should oppose *Chaucer*, *Lydgate*, *Gower*, with such like, that liued vnder the tyrannie of ignorance, I doe thinke their best louers would bee much discontented with the collation of comparies, if I should write ouer all their heads, Haile fellow, well mer. One thing I am sure of, that each of these three haue vented their meeters with as much admiration in English, as euer the proudest *Ariosto* did his verse in Italian.

What should I come to our Court, where the other-while vacations of our grauer Nobilitie are prodigall of more pompous wit, and choice of words, then euer tragicke *Tasso* could attaine to? But as for pastorall poems, I will not make the comparison, lest our countymens credite should be discountenanced by the contention: who, although they cannot fare with such inferiour facilitie, yet I know, would carry the bucklers full easily from all forraine brauers, if their *subiectum circa quod*, should saour of any thing hautie. And should the challenge of deepe conceit be intruded by any forrainer, to bring our English wits to the touchstone of Art, I would preferre diuine Master *Spencer*, the miracle of wit, to bandie line by line for my life, in the honour of England, against Spaine, France, Italy, and all the world. Neither is hee the onely swallow of our Summer, (although *Apollo*, if his Tripods were vp againe, would pronounce him his *Socrates*;) but hee being forborne, there are extant about London, many most able men, to reuiue Poetry, though it were executed ten thousand times, as in *Platoes*, so in Puritans Common-wealth: as namely for example, *Mathew Roydon*, *Thomas Achlow*, and *George Peele*: the first of whom, as he hath shewed himselfe singular in the immortal Epitaph of his beloued *Astrophell*, besides many other most absolute Comike inuentions (made more publike by euery mans

praise,

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praise, then they can bee by my speech,) so the second hath more then once or twice manifested his deepe-witted scholarship in places of credite: and for the last, though not the least of them all, I dare commend him vnto all that know him, as the chiefe supporter of pleasance now liuing, the *Atlas* of Poetrie, and *primus verborum Artifex*: whose first increase, the arraignment of *Paris* might pleade to your opinions, his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold varietie of inuention, wherein (*me iudice*) hee goeth a step beyond all that write. Sundry other sweete Gentlemen I doe know, that wee haue vaunted their pens in priuate deuices, and tricked vp a company of taffatie fooles with their feathers, whose beautie, if our Poets had not pecked with the supply of their periwigs, they might haue antickt it vntill this time, vp and downe the Countrey with the King of Fairies, and dined euery day at the pease-porredge ordinary with *Delfrigus*.

But *Tolasse* hath forgotten that it was sometime sacked, and beggers, that euer they carried their fardels on footback: and in truth no maruile, when as the deserued reputation of one *Roscius*, is of force to enrich a rabble of counterfeits: Yet let subiects for all their insolence, dedicate a *De propundis* euery morning to the preservation of their *Cesar*, lest their increasing indignities returne them ere long their juggling to mediocritie, and they bewaile in weeping blankes, the wane of their Monarchie.

As Poetrie hath beene honoured in those her fore-named professors, so it hath not beene any whit disparaged by *William Warnings* absolute *Albions*. And heere Auctoritie hath made a full point: in whose reuerence insisting, I cease to expose to your sport the picture of those Pamphleters, and Poets, that make a parrimonie of *In speech*, and more then a younger brothers inheritance of their *Abbie*. Reade fauourably, to incourage me in the firstlings of my folly, and perswade your selues, I will persecute those Idiots and their heires vnto the third generation, that haue made Art bankrupt of her ornaments, and sent Poetry a begging vp and downe

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downe the Countrey. It may be, my *Anatomic* of *Absurdities* may acquaint you ere long with my skill in *Surgerie*, wherein the diseases of *Arte* more merrily discovered, may make our maimed Poets put together their blankes vnto the building of an Hospitall.

If you chance to meet it in *Paules*, shaped in a new sute of similitudes, as if like the eloquent Apprentice of *Plutarch*, it were propped at seven yeeres end in double apparell, thinke his Master hath fulfilled couenants; and onely cancelled the Indentures of dutie. If I please, I will thinke my ignorance indebted vnto you that applaud it: if not, what rests,

but that I be excluded from your courtesie,

like *Apocrypha* from your

Bibles?

How euer, yours euer:

Thomas Nash.



D Elicious words, the life of wanton wit,
That doth inspire our soules with sweet content,
Why hath your Father Hermes thought it fit,
Mine eyes should surfet by my hearts consent?
Full twentie Summers haue I fading scene,
And twentie Floraces in their golden guise:
Yet neuer viewde I such a pleasant Greene,
As this whose garnish gleades comparde, denise.
Of all the flowers a Lilly once I lou'd,
Whose labouring beantie brach't it selfe abroad.
But now olde age his glory hath remou'd,
And greener objects are mine eyes abroad.
No Countrey to the downes of Arcadie,
Where Aganippes euer springing wels
Doe moist the meades with bubbling melodie,
And makes me muse what more in Delos dwels.
There feeds our Menaphons celestiall Muse,
There makes his Pipe his pastorall report:
Which strained now a note aboue his vse,
Fore-tels hee'le ne're come chaunt of Thoas sport.
Reade all that list, and read till you mislike,
To condemne who can, so Ennie be not Iudge:
No, reade who can, swell more higher, lest it shriek.
Robin, thou hast done well, care not who grudge.

Henry Vpcher.

The reports of the Shepheards.



After that the wrath of mightie Ioue had wrapt Arcadia with noysome pestilence, insomuch that the ayre yeelding prejudiciall saour, seemed to be peremptory in some fatal resolution, Democles Soueraigne & King of that famous Continent, pittying the sinifter accidents of his people, being a man as iust in his censures, as royall in his possessions, as carefull for the weale of his Countrey, as the countenance of his Diademe, thinking that vnpeopled Cities were corollines in Princes consciences, that the strength of his subjects was the sinewes of his Dominions, and that every Crowne must containe a care, not onely to win honour by foraine conquests, but in maintaining dignitie with ciuill and domestticall insights. Democles grounding his argument vpon these premisses, cousting to be counted *Pater patria*, calling a Parliament together, whither all his Nobilitie incited by summons made their repaire, elected two of his chiefe Lords to passe vnto Delphos, at Apollos Oracle, to heare the fatal sentence, eyther of their future misery, or present remedie. They hauing their charge, passing from Arcadia to the Tripos, where Pithia late, the sacred Pimph that deliuered out Apollos *Dylanimas*, offering (as their manner is) their Orizons and presents, as well to intreat by deuotion, as to perswade by bountie, they had returned from Apollo this dore.

When Neptune riding on the Southerne Seas,
Shall from the bolome of his Lemman yeeld,
The *Arcadian* wonder, men and *Gods* to please:
Plentie in pride shall march amidst the field.
Dead men shall warre, and vnborne babes shall frowne,
And with their sawchons hew their footmen downe:
When Lambes haue Lyons for their surest guide,
And Planets rest vpon th' *Arcadian* hills:

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When swelling Seas have neyther ebbe nor tide,
When equall bankes the Ocean margine fill:
Then looke Arcadians for a happy time,
And sweet content within your troubled clime.

So sooner had Pirhia deliuered this scroll to the Lords
of Arcadia, but they departed and brought it to Democles,
who causing the Oracle to bee read amongst the distressed
commons, found the Delphian censure more full of doubts
to amaze, then fraught with hope to comfort: thinking ra-
ther that the anger of GOD sent a peremptory presage of
ruine, then a probable ambiguitie to applaud any hope of
remedie: yet loth to haue his carefull subjects fall into the
halefull Labyrinth of despayre, Democles beganne to dis-
course vnto them, that the interpreters of Apollo's secrets
were not the conceits of humane reason, but the successs
of long expected events, that Comets did portend at the first
blaze, but tooke effect in the vated holisme of the destinies:
that Oracles were sozold at the Delphian caue, but were
shapte out and finished in the Countsell house. With such
perswasive arguments Democles appeased the distressed
thoughts of his doubtfull Countrey-men, and commanded
by Proclamation, that no man should pry into the quibor-
ties of Apollo's answers, lest sundry censures of his diuine
secrecy should trouble Arcadia with some sudden mutinie.
The King thus smothering the heats of his cares, rested a
melancholy man in his Court: hiding vnder his beard the
double-faced figure of Ianus, as well to chere the Skies of
other mens conceits with smiles, as to furnish out his owne
dumps with thoughts. But as other beastes leuell their
lookes at the countenance of the Lyon, and birds make wings
as the Eagles flye: so *Regis ad arbitrium totius componitur
orbis*: the people were measured by the minds of their
Soueraigne: and what Cozmes soeuer they smothered in
priuate conceits, yet they made hay, and cryed holiday in
outward appearance: insomuch that every man repay-
red to his owne home, and fell asyther vnto pleasures or
labours,

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labours, as their lining or content allowed them.

Whiles thus Arcadia rested in a silent quiet, Menaphon the Syrian Shepherd, a man of high account among the Shepherdes of Arcadia, loued of the Nymphes, as the paragon of all their country youngsters, walking solitary hohne to the fozes, to see if any of his Ewes and Lambes were straggled hohne to the Strand to browse on the Sea Iuy, wherof they take speciall delight to feede; hee found his flockes gazing vpon the Promontory Mountaines hard by: wherupon resting himselfe on a hill that ouer-peered the great Mediterraeneum, noting how Phœbus fetched his *Lanatos* on the purple plaines of Neptunus, as if hee had meant to haue courted Thetis in the royaltie of his robes: the Wolphinges (the sweet concesters of Muske) leight their carriers on the calmed waues, as if Aon had touched the strings of his silver-sounding instrument: the Mermaides thrusting their heads from the bosome of Anaphricce, late on the mounting banks of Neptune, drying their watry tresses in the sunne-beames: And for boys to thagwe abroad his gulls on the stumbling wiues of the Sea-god, as giving Triton leaue to pleasure his Quene with desired melodie, and Proetus libertie to followe his flockes without disquiet.

Menaphon looking over the champion of Arcady, to see if the continent was as full of smiles, as the Seas were of fauours, saie the thubbes as in a dreame with delightfull harmonie, and the birds that chaunted on their branches, not disturbed with the least breath of a fauourable Zephyrus: Hearing thus the accord of the land and Sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water-Nymphes, hee beganne to consider, how Venus was faigned by the Poets to spring of the froth of the Seas: which dreame him straight into a deepe coniecture of the inconstancie of loue, that as if Luna were his load-starre, had euery minute ebbs and tydes, sometime ouer-flowing the banks of Fortune with a gracious looke lightened from the eyes of a fauourable louer, otherwhiles ebbing to the dangerous shelle of despair, with the pier-

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ring frowne of a froward Epistresse. Menaphon in this
broome studie, calling to minde certaine Aphorismes that
Auarcon had pen'd before as principles of loues follies, bei-
ing as deepe an enemy to sanctie, as Narcissus was to affecti-
on, beganne thus to scoffe at Venus Deitie.

Menaphon, thy minde's fauours are greater than thy
wealths fortunes, thy thoughts higher than thy birth, and
thy private conceits better then thy publique esteeme. Thou
art a shepheard, Menaphon, who in seeing of thy flocke
findest out natures secrets, and in protecting thy lambs
preludice conceitest the astronomicall motions of the hea-
uens: holding thy sheepe-walkes to peece as great philo-
sophie, as the ancients discourse in their learned Aca-
demies. Thou countest labour as the Indians doe their Chry-
socolle, where with they try every mettall, and thou examine
euery action. Content sitteth in thy minde as Neptune in
his Sea-throne, who with his trident may appealeth euery
Coisme. When thou seest the heauens frowne, thou thinkest
on thy faults, and a cleere star putteth thee in minde of
grace: the Summers glorie tells thee of youth's vanitie: the
winters parched leaues, of ages declining weaknesse. Thus
in a mirror thou measurest thy deede with equall and con-
siderate motions, & by being a shepheard findest that which
kings want in their royaltie. Enay overlooketh the reit-
ing with the windes the pine-trees of Ida, when the Affrick
shrubs waue not a leafe with the tempest. Thine eyes are
bailde with content, that thou canst not gaze so high as am-
bition, and for loue: and with that in flaming of loue, the
shepheard fell into a great laughter. Loke, Menaphon, why
of all follies that euer Poets sained, or men faulted with,
this foolish imagination of loue is the greatest. Venus for-
sooth for her wanton escapes must bee a goddesse, and her
bassard a Deitie: Cupid must bee yong and euer a boy, to
proue that loue is fond and witlesse: wings to make him
inconstant, and arrowes whereby to shew him fearefull:
blind (of all wares not worth a pin) to proue that Cupids le-
well is both without aime and reason: thus is the god, and
such

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such are his characters. *And so* as our *Shepherd* of Arcadie settle themselves to fancy, and wears the characters of Venus stamp in their fore-heads, straight their attire must be quaint, their looks full of amours, as their gods aptuer is full of arrows: their eyes holding smiles and tears, to leap out at their spirits sauciness, or her scoldings: sighes must lie as figures of their thoughts, and every wrinkle must be tempred with a passion: thus sated in outward proportion, and made excellent in inward constitution, they straight repaire to take view of their spirits beauty. *As* as one obseruant unto Venus principles, first leeth loose in her tresses, and wraps affection in the trowells of her haire, snaring our swaines in her lockes, as Mars in the net, holding in her forehead Fortunes Balender, either to assigne a small influence, or some sanguinary aspect. *If* a wrinkle appeare in her brow, then our *Shepherd* must put on his working day face, and frame himself but dolefull mabigales of sorrow; if a dimple grace her cheeks, the heavens cannot prooue fatal to our kinde-hearted lovers: if they seeme coy, then poems of death mounted upon beene-drawn sighs, lie from their master to sue for some fauour, alleging how death at the least may date his misery: to be briefe, as upon the shoares of *Londons* the winds continue neuer one day in one quarter, so the thoughts of a lover neuer continue scarce a minute in one passion: but as Fortunes globe, so is *Fancys* case, variable and inconstant.

If louers sorrowes then bee like Siphons, fountains, and
their sauiours like honny bought with gall: let mee Me-
naphon then live at labour, and make offerings of Venus as
of Mars his Concubine; and as the Cimbrians hold their
idols in account but in euerie tempest, so make Cupid a
god, but when thou art ouer-pained with passions, and
then Menaphon will neuer loue: for as long as thou tem-
perest thy hands with labours, thou canst not fetter thy
thoughts with loues. And in this satyricall-humour smi-
ling at his owne conceits, hee tooke his pipe in his hand,

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and hee saide every reape of his instrument, sung a Song
 20 to this effect.

Some say loue,
 Foolish loue.

Doth rue and governe all the gods

I say loue.

Inconstant loue.

Sets men's senses lisse at odds

Some sweare loue,

Smooth & face loue.

Is sweetest sweet that men can haue

I say loue,

Sowre loue,

Makes vertues yeeld as beauties slave.

A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,

That forreth wise dome to be follics thrall

Loue is sweet.

Wherein sweet

In fading pleasures that doe fine

Beauty sweet.

Is that sweet.

That yeelds sorrow for a gaine

Is loue's sweet

Herein sweet.

That minutes ioyes are monthly worst

Tis not sweete.

That is sweet.

No where, but where repentance grows:

Then loue who list, if beaue be so sowre,

Labour for me, loue rest in Princes bowre.

Mensphon hauing ended his roundelay, rose up, think-
 ing to passe from the mountainne downs to the balley, ca-
 sting his eye to the sea side, espied certaine fragments of a
 broken ship floating vpon the waues, and sundry persons
 writhen vpon the bozels like a calmes, walking all wet and
 weary

wearie upon the sands: mounching at this strange sight, hee
 stood amazed, yet desirous to see the event of this accident,
 hee shrowded himselfe in tall bushes, till hee might per-
 ceive what would happen; at last hee might perceyve it was
 a woman holding a childe in her armes, and an old man
 directing her as it were her guide. These three (as distressed
 wretches) preserved by some further sove. pointing Fate,
 couented to clime the Mountain, the better to use the favour
 of the Sunne, to dry their drenched apparell, at last crawled
 up where poore Menaphon lay close, and resting them under a
 bush, the old man did nothing but send out sighes, and the wo-
 man ceased not from streaming forth rivolets of teares, that
 hung on her cheeks like drops of pearles betwixt the riches
 of Flora. The poore babe was the touchstone of his mothers
 passions: so when hee smiled, and lay laughing in her lap,
 were her heart neuer so deeply overcharged with her present
 sorowes: yet kissing the prettie Infant, shee lightened out
 smiles from those cheeks that were furrowed with continual
 sources of teares: but if hee cryed, then sighes as smokes,
 and sobs as thunder-crackes, soe ran those shadowes, that
 which redoubled distresse distilled from her eyes: this with
 pretty inconstant passions trimming up her baby, and at last
 to lull him asleepe, shee warbled out of her wofull breast this
 Dittie.

Sophisters Song to her childe.

Weepe not my wanton smile upon my knee

When thou art old, there's griefe enough for thee

Mothers waggish pleasures hoy

Fathers sorrowes what they hoy

When thy father first did see

Such a boy by him and mee

Hee was glad, I was woe

Fortune change made him so

When hee had lost his new hoy

Last his sorrow, first his joy

VVepe

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Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee:
 When thou art olde there's griefe enough for thee.
 Screaming reares that neuer stint,
 I see pearle drops from his eies,
 Tell by counte how many eyes,
 That one anothers place supplie:
 Thus he grieved in euery part,
 Teares of blood fell from his heart,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Fathers sorrow, Fathers loy.
 Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee:
 When thou art olde, there's griefe enough for thee.
 The wanton tolde, Father wept,
 Mother cryde, baby leste:
 More hee would, more hee cryde,
 Nature could not sorrow hide,
 He must goe, he must kisse,
 Childe and mother, baby blisse:
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Fathers sorrow, Fathers loy.
 Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee,
 When thou art olde, there's griefe enough for thee.

With this lullaby the baby fell asleepe, and Sephestia lay-
 ing it vpon the greene grasse, couered it with a mantle, and
 then leaning her head on her hand, and her elbow on her lay,
 she fell asleepe to powre forth abundance of plaints, which La-
 medon the olde man espied, although in his face appeared
 the mappe of discontent, and in his inward heart was a cata-
 logue of woes, yet to cheere up Sephestia, shewing his in-
 ward sorrow with an outward smile, hee beganne to comfort
 her in this manner.

Sephestia, thou seest no power against the
 gaze of the Basiliskes, no power against the sting of the
 Tarantula, no prevention to direct the decree of the States:
 no, no meanes to recall backe the lossefull hurt of Fortune.
 Incurable sores are without Auster, Aphrodismes, and
 there-

Greene's Arcadia.

therefore no salve for them but patience. When my Sephestia, with thy fall is high, and fortune low; thy sorrows great, and thy hope little, taking mee partaker of thy miseries, let all upon this, *Solamen miserie socior habuisse doloris*. Chance is like Iacus, double-faced; as well full of smiles to comfort, as of frownes to dismay: the Ocean at the deaddest ebbe returns to a full tide, when the Eagle means to soare highest, he raiseth his flight in the lowest vales: so fareth it with fortune, who in her highest extremes is most vnconstant: when the tempest of her wrath is most fearefull, then looke for a calme: when she beats thee with pectles, then thinke she will kisse thee with kisses: when she is most familiar with furies, her intent is to bee most prodigall, Sephestia. Thus are the arrows of fortune feathered with plumes of the bird Halcione, that changeth colour with the Moone, which howsoever she shoots them, pierce not so deepe but they may be cured. But Sephestia, thou art daughter to a King, exiled by him from the hope of a crowne, banisht from the pleasures of the Court to the painefull fortunes of the country, parted for loue from him thou canst not but loue, from Maximus, Sephestia, who for thee hath suffered so many dishonours, as either discontent or death can afford. What of all this, is not Hope the daughter of Time? Have not Starres their fauourable aspects, as they haue froward opposition? Is there not a Iupiter as there is a Saturne? Cannot the influence of smiling Venus stretch as farre as the frowning constitution of Mars? I tell thee Sephestia, Iuno solbeth in her bowes the Volumens of the destinies: whom melancholy Saturne deposeth from a Crowne, she mildly aduanceth to a Diademe: thou feare not, for if the mother liue in miserie, yet hath she a scepter for the son: let the vnkindnesse of thy father be buried in theinders of obedience, and the want of Maximus bee supplied with the presence of his pretty babe, who being too yong for fortune, lyes smiling on thy miserie and laughes at fortune: learne by him Sephestia, to vse patience, which is like the balm in the viall of Iehosaphat, that sweetly new wound so deepe:

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but it cureth: thou seest already Fortune begins to change her hiew, for after the great storme that put our shippe, we found a calme that brought vs safe to shore; the merrie of Neptune was more then the enrie of Eolus, & the discourtesie of thy Father is proportioned with the fauour of the gods. Thus Sephestia, being copartner of thy miserie, yet doe I sake to allay thy martyrdom: being sick to my selfe, yet doe I play the Physicion to thee, wishing thou mayest beare thy sorowes with as much content, as I beake my misfortunes with patience. As he was ready to go forthward with his perswasive argument, Sephestia fetching a deepe sigh, filling her tender eyes with teares, made this reply.

Sweet Lamedon, once partner of my royalties, now partner of my wants, as constant in his extreme distresse, as faithfull in higher fortunes: the Turtle peacketh not on barren trees, Doves delight not in soules cottages, the Lyon frequents no putrified haunts, friends follow not after povertie, nor hath Crueller chance any drugs from the Physicions. *Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes:* and yet Lamedon; the misfortune of Sephestia abridgeth not our olde contracted amitie, thou temperest her exile with thy banishment, and shee sayling to Scix, thou ferriest ouer to Phlegeton: then Lamedon, saying as Andromache said to Hector, *Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris:* Thy aged yeeres shall be the balender of my fortunes, and thy gray haire the Paralels of mine actions. If Lamedon perswade Sephestia to content, Portia shall not excorde Sephestia in patience: if hee will her to keepe a lowe sayle, shee will baile all her shete: if to forget her lones, shee will quench them with labours: if to accuse Venus as a foe, I will hate Cupid as an enemy: and seeing the destinies haue giuen thee from a crowne, I will rest satisfied with the country, placing all my delights in honoring thee, and nursing by my pretty wanton. I will imagine a smal cottage to be a spacious Palace, and think as great quiet in a russet coat, as in royall habiliments. Sephestia, Lamedon will not scoone with Iuno to turne her selfe into the shape of Semelas nurse, but unknown,

rest

Greene's Arcadia.

rest careles of my fortunes: the hope of times returne shall be the end of my thoughts, the smiles of my son shall be the nourishment of my heart, and the course of his youth shall be the comfort of my peeres, every laughter that leapes from his lokes, shall be the holiday of my conceits, and every teare shall furnish out my griefes, and his fathers funerals. I haue heard them say, Lamedon, that the lowest shrubbes feele the least tempests, and in the valleys of Affrica is heard no thunder, that in countrie roomes is greatest rest, and in little wealth the least disquiet: dignitie treadeth vpon glasse, and honour is like vnto the herbe Sinara, that when it bloometh most gorgeous, then it blaketh: *Antica vita splendida miseria*, Courts haue golden dreames, but cottages sweet slumbers: then Lamedon, will I disguise my selfe, with my cloathes wil I change my thoughts; for being proudly attired, I will be meanelly minded, & measure my actions by my present estate, not by former fortunes. In saying this, the babe a waile and cried, and she fell to teares mixed with a lullable.

All this while Menaphon sat amongst the shrubs, fixing his eyes on the glorious object of her face, he noted her tresses, which hee compared to the coloured Hiacinth of Arcadia; her waies to the mountain snows that lie on the hills: her eyes to the gray glister of Titans gorgeous mantle, her alabaster necke to the whitenesse of his flockes, her teares to pearle, her face to borders of lillies interseamed with roses: to be briefe, our Shepheard Menaphon that heretofore was an Atheist to loue, and as the Thessalian of Bacchus, so hee a contemner of Venus, was now by the wylie shaft of Cupid so intangled in the perfection & beauteous excellencie of Sephestia; as now hee swore, no benigne Planet but Venus, no god but Cupid, no requisite deitie but Loue. Being thus fettered with the pliant perswasions of fancie, impatient in his new affections, as the horse that neuer before felt the spurre, he could not bide his new conceived amors, but watching when they should depart, perceining by the gestures of the old man, and the teares of the Gentlewoman,

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the woman, that they were distressed, thought to offer any helpe that lay within the compasse of his abilitie. As thus hee mused in his new passions, Lamedon and Sephestia rose vp, and resolved to take course which way the winds blew: passing so downe the mountains to seeke out some towne, at last they passing softly on, Lamedon espied Menaphon: desirous therefore to know the course of the countrie, he saluted him thus.

Shepheard, so farre thy attire warrants me; courteous, so much thy countenance imports: if distressed, persons, whom Fortune hath wronged, and the seas have fauoured, (if we may count it saour to liue and want) may without offence craue to saue aide, as to know some place where to rest our wearie and weather-beaten bones, our charges shall bee paide, and you haue for recompence such thanks, as Fortunes out-labours may yeeld to their fauourers. Menaphon hearing him speake so graciously, but not sitting his eare to his eye, stood staring kill an Sephestias face, which shee perceiuing, flashed out such a blinde scorne her alabaster cheekes, that they looke like the ruddy gates of the Morning: this sweet bashfulness amazed Menaphon, at last he began thus to answer.

Strangers, your degree I know not, therefore pardon if I giue lesse title, then your estates merite: fortunes knowers are princes fortunes, and kings are subject to chaunce and destiny. Mis-hap is to be salued with pitee, not scorn: and we that are fortunes darlings, are bound to releasethem that are distressed: therefore follow mee, and you shall haue such succor, as a shepheard may afford. Lamedon and Sephestia were passing glad, and Menaphon led the way, not content onely to feede his sight with the beauty of his new-Mistress, but thought also to infer some occasion of parley, to heare whether her voice were as melodious as her face beautifull, hee therefore prosecuted his prattle thus: Gentlewoman, when first I saw you sitting vpon the Arcadian promontorie with your bable on your lap, & this old fatherly, I thought I had seene Venus with Cupid on her knee, courted

courted by Achilles of Troy & other princes of your nation:
 could discover no less than Menelaus your son; and the
 beauty of the child as much as the dignity of her parent:
 at least perceiving by your tears how much she cost him, that
 you were passing your distress: I went forth to partake
 your sorrows, and like your mother, to signify how
 pity overcharged persons in their distresses will receive your
 name, country and parentage. Sappho assisting by the shep-
 heard's passion took her, that the Phoenix was herself in love,
 replied thus: Courtship she thought, impossible being that
 did look like Venus at a blush: it was when the matchless
 goddesse wept for her sister Adonis: my boy is no Cupid,
 but the found of Care: Fortune committing in his youth to be
 (I hope) her darling in his age: that your looks saw our
 griefs, and your thought pitied our labours, but I beg that
 give thanks (the bounty of lordless tenants) and our hearts
 pray that the gods may be as friendly to your flock, as you
 favourable unto us. My name is Sappho, my country Cy-
 pres, my parentage unknown; the wife of a poor Gentleman
 now deceased: he has int'rested here by shipwrecke, gentle
 shepherds inquire not, lest it be tedious for this to hear it,
 and a double griefe for me to rehearse it. The shepherds
 not daring displease his spirits, nor having longer threats
 hanging over his head, hee invited them thence to his house:
 as soon as they were arrived there, he began at the door to
 entertaine them thus: Fair spirits, the flower of all our
 Simples that live here in Arcadia; this is my cottage
 wherein I live content, and your lodging, where (please it
 you) ye may rest quiet: I have rich clothes, plenty of
 comestibles to eaten, no lack of plate to discourse my wealth:
 for shepherds live neither to be plumed nor crowned: you
 shall finde here cheese and milk for dainties, and wood for clo-
 thing; in every corner of the house: Content sitting smiling
 and tempering sweete homely things with a welcome: this if
 ye can beake and accept of (no gods allow the meanest hos-
 pitalitie) ye shall have such welcome and fare as Philomen
 and Baucis gave to Jupiter. Sappho thanks him heartily.

and going into his house, to do what he promised after that they had sat a little by the fire and were well warmed, they went to supper, where Sephetia too well, as one whom the sea had made hungry, and Lamedon so filled his tooth, that at supper he spoke not one word, as if they had taken their repast. Menaphon seeing they were weary, and that sleep chimed on to the rest, let them to their lodging, and so gave them the good night. Lamedon on his flock-bed, and Sephetia on her country couch, were so weary, that they slept well: but Menaphon, poor Menaphon, neither slept his swaines for his sleep, nor took his mole-spade on his neck to be his pasterer: but as a man pained with a thousand passions, drenched in distress, & over-whelmed with a multitude of uncomely cares; he was like the pictures that Persius turned with his Gorgon-head into stones. His sister Carmela kept his house, (for so was the country wench called) and shee seeing her brother sit so mal-contented, crept to her cupboard, & fetcht a little beaten spice in an old bladder, she spared no mowing milke, but went amongst the cream-bolles, and made him a posset. But alas, love had so locked by the shepheards stomach, that none would do him with Menaphon. Carmela seeing her brother refuse his spiced drinke, thought all was not well, and therefore sat down and wept: to be short, she blabbered, and he sighed; and his men that came in and saw their master with a kercher on his head, induried: so that amongst these swaines there was such melodie, that Menaphon took his bow and arrowes, and went to bed: where casting himselfe, he thought to have beguiled his passions with some sweet numbers: but loe, that smiled at his nets entertained champion, sitting on his beds head, picked him forward with new desires, charging Morpheus, Phobor, and Icolon the gods of sleep, to present unto his closed eyes the singular beauty and rare perfections of Samela: (for so will we now call her) in that she Idia of her excellence forced him to breathe out scalding sighs smothered within the furnace of his thoughts, which grew into this, or the like passion.

Greene's Arcadia

I had thought, Menaphon, that he which weareth the bay
 leafe, had bin free from lightning, and the Eagles per a pre-
 servative against thunder. that labour had bene enemy to
 lotie, and the eschewing of tolenes an Amidore against fan-
 cie: but I see by proofe, there is no adamant so hard, but the
 bloud of a Goat will make soft: no fort so well defended, but
 strong batterie will enter, nor any heart so poyant to restless
 labours, but enchantments of love will overcome. Unfor-
 tunate Menaphon, that of late thoughtless Venus a trumpet,
 and her sonne a ballard: now must thou offer incense at her
 shrine, & swear Cupid no lesse then a god: thou hast reason.
 Menaphon, for her that limes without love, limes without
 life, presuming as Narcissus to hate all, and being like him,
 at length despised of all. Can there be a sweeter blisse then
 beautie, a greater heaven then her heavenly perfections
 that is mistress of thy thoughts? If the sparkle of her eyes
 appeare in the night, the Marres blush at her brightnesse:
 if her haire glister in the day, Phobos puts off his wreath
 of diamonds, as overcome with the shine of her tresses: if
 she walke in the fields, Flora seeing her face, bids all her glo-
 rious flowers chafe themselves, as being by her beautie dis-
 graced: if her staphyller make appeare, then Hyems con-
 cealeth his snow, as surpassen in whitenesse: so be thou, Mena-
 phon, if Samela had appeared in Ida, Iuno for maiestie,
 Pallas for wisdom, and Venus for beauty had let my Samela
 have the Supremacie: why shouldst thou not then love,
 and thinke there is no life in love. (king the end of love is
 the possession of such a heavenly paragon, but what of this,
 Menaphon? hast thou any hope to enjoy her person: there is
 a world to't: true, but too high for thy fortunes: this is in di-
 stresse. Al, Menaphon, if thou hast any sparke of comfort,
 this must set thy hope on fire: want is the load-stone of af-
 fection, distresse forceth deeper then fortunes frownes, and
 such as are poore, will rather love then want reliefe: fortunes
 frownes are whetstones to fancie, and as the horse starteth
 at the spur, so love is pricked forward with distresse. Sa-
 melas is shipwrecked, Menaphon releaseth her: shee wants,

he

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he supplies both society, he sees so lone; eyther must they
graue, or buy a death with perpetuall repentance. In this
hope rested the poore shepherds: and with that, Menaphon
laid his head downe on the pillow, and tooke a sound nap,
sleeping but fancie with a good slumber.

As soone as the Sun appeared, the shepherds got him up,
and so sat with this hope: went merrily with his men to
the folds, and there setting forth his sheep, after that he had
appointed where they should graze, returned home, and law-
king when his guests should rise, having slept ill & last night
went roundly to his breakfast: by that time hee had ended
his desire, Lacedon was gotten up, and so was Samela.
Against their rising, Camela had gotten her cokerie, and
Menaphon tyed in his russet Jacket, his redde sleeves of
chamlet, his blew doublet, & his round slope of country cloth,
bestirred him, as other piopnt had bene sat to a sundry of-
fice. Samela no sooner came out of her Chamber, but Me-
naphon as one that stained pietie for his passions, desir-
ing good morrow with a Ladies louers look: Samela knowing the
sotole by the Feather, was able to cast his disease without
his water, perceiving that Cupid had caught the poore shep-
heard in his net, and that he sought quickly to break out
of the snare, would make him a time to be a faire looker shee
gave him, and with a smiling sorrow discovered how shee
grieved at his misfortune, & yet sadured him: to be a
fall they went, Lacedon & Samela sed hard, but Menaphon
like the Argive in the Water-courses of Arabia, lined with
the contemplation of his mistresse beauty: the Salamander
lives not without fire, the Herring from the water, the
Sole from the earth, nor the Camelon from the ayre: no
could Menaphon live but in sight of his Samela, whose
beauty was perswaded ayre, whose eyes were fire wherin he
delighted to dwell, whose heart the earthly paradise, where
in he desired to ingraffe the essence of his loue and affection:
thus did the poore shepherds but he in a kind of blisse, while
his eye looking on his mistresse face, fasteneth with the excel-
lence of her perfection: so long hee gazed, that at length
break,

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breakfast was ended, and he desirous to do her any service,
first put her child to nurse, and then led her forth to see his
folds: thinking with the sight of his flocks to inuigle her,
whose minde had rather haue chosen any misfortune, then
haue deigned her eyes on the face and feature of so low a pe-
sant. Well, abroad they went, Menaphon with his shep-
hooke fringed with crowell, to signifye he was chiefe of the
Swaines, Lamedon and Samela after: plodding thus ouer
the greene fields, at last they came to the mountaines where
Menaphons flocks grazed, and there he discoursed to Samela
thus. I tell thee faire Pimph, these plaines that thou seest
stretching Southward, are pastures belonging to Mena-
phon: there grows the Cinquefoile, and the Violett, the
Cowslip, the Primrose, and the Violet, which my flocks shall
spare for flowers to make thee Garlande, the milke of my
Ewes, shall be meate for my pretty wanton, the wolfe of the
fat weethers, that seems as fine as the fleece that Iason fetcht
from Colchos, shall serue to make Samela warme withall, the
mountaine tops shall be thy morning walks, and the shady
Wallies thy eueninge Arbour, as much as Menaphon oines,
shall be at Samelaes command, if she like to lye with Mena-
phon. This was spoken with such deep affects, that Samela
could scarce keep her from smiling: yet she couered her con-
ceit with a sorrowfull countenance, which Menaphon spy-
ing, to make her merry, and rather for his owne aduantage,
seeing Lamedon was asleepe, tooke her by the hand, and late
dolour, and pulling forth his pipe, began after some melo-
die to carroll out this roundelay.

Menaphons roundelay.

When tender Ewes brought home with Euening Suone,
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds,
The shepheards trudge when light of day is done.
Vpon a tree,
The Eagle *loves* faire bird did perch,
There refresh he,

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A little flye harbour then did search,
And did presume (though others laught thereat)
To pearch whereas the princely Eagle sate.

The Eagle frownde and shooke his royall wings,
And charg'd the Flye,
From thence to hie.

Afraide in haste, the little creature flings,
Yet seeks againe,
Fearefull to pearke him by the Eagles side,
With moody vaine,
The speedy post of *Ganimede* replide:
Vassall, auant, or with my wings you dye,
Is't fit an Eagle seatch him with a flye?

The flye craued pittie, still the Eagle frownde.
The silly flye,
Readie to dye,
Disgrac'd, displac'd, felt groueling to the ground;
The Eagle saw
And with a royall minde, said to the flye,
Be not in awe,

I scorne by me the meaneft creature dye:
Then seate thee here: the ioyfull flye vp flings,
And sate safe shadowed with the Eagles wings.

As soone as Menaphon had ended this roundelay, turning to Samela, after a country blush, he began to court her in this homely fashion: what think you, Samela, of the Eagle for this royall deed? that he satisfied the old Proverbe, *Aquila non capit muscu*. But I meane, Samela, are you not in opinion, that the Eagle giues instance of a princely resolution, in preferring the safetie of a flye, before the stabditt of her royall maiestie? I thinke Menaphon that high minde are the shelters of poverty, & things seate are conerts for distressed persons, that the Eagle in shadowing the flye did well, but a little forgot her honor. But hold, think you, said Samela, is this proportion to be obserued in loue? I gesse no, for the flye

did it not for loue, but for succour. Hath loue then respect of circumstance? Els it is not loue, but lust; for where y parties haue no simpathy of estates, there can no firme loue be fixt: discord is reputed the mother of diuision, as in nature this is an vnrefuted principle, that it faulteth, which faileth in vniformitie. See that grasse filliflowers vpon the Pettie, marreth the smel, who couets to tie the lamb and the lion in one tedder, makes a bzaule: equall fortunes, are loues fauorites, and therefore should fancy be alwaies limited by Geometricall proportion, lest if yong matching with old, fire and frost fall at a combate, and if rich with poore, there bay many dangerous and bzaing obiections. Menaphon halfe nipped in the pafe with this reply, yet like a tall souldier stoode to his tackling and made this answer: suppose gentle Samela, that a man of meane estate, whom disdainfull fortune had abased, in tending to make her power prodigall in his mis-fortunes, being feathered with Cupids bolts, were snared in the beantie of a Quene, should he rather die then discouer his amors? If Quenes (quoth she) were of my minde, I had rather die, then perish in baser fortunes. Venus loues Vulcan, replied Menaphon: truth, quoth Samela, but though he was polt-footed, yet he was a god: Phao inloved Sapho; he a ferriman that liued by his hands thrust, she a princeesse that sate inuessed with a diadem. The more fortunate, qud. Samela, was he in his honors, and she the lesse famous in her honestie. To leaue these instances, replied Menaphon (for loue had made him hardy) O sweet Samela, infer these presupposed premisses, to discouer the baseness of my mean birth, and yet the deepnesse of my affection, who euer since I saw the brightnesse of your perfection shining vpon the mountaines of Arcady, like the glister of the sun vpon the toplesse promontory of Sicilia, was so snared with your beanty, & so inueigled with the excellance of that perfection that exceeds all excellency, that loue entring my desires, hath maintained himselfe by force, that vnlesse sweet Samela grant me fauor of her loue, & play the princely Eagle, I shall with the poore die perish in my fortunes: he conclu-

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bed this period with a deepe sigh: and Samela grieuing at this folly of the shepheard, gaue him mildly this answer.

Menaphon, my distressed haps are the resolution of the destinies, and the wrongs of my youth are the soze-runners of my woes in age, my native home is my worst nursery, & my friends deny that which strangers preindicially grant: I arrived in Arcadie shipwackt, and Menaphon sanowing my sorrowes, hath afforded me succours, for which Samela rests bound, and will proue thankfull: as for loue, know that Venus standeth on the Tortois, as shewing that loue creepeth on by degrees, that affection is like the snaille, that scales to the top of the lance by minutes: the grasse hath his increase, yet neuer any sees it augment, the sun shadoweth, but the motion is not seene: loue like those should enter into the eye, and by long gradations passe into the heart: Cupid hath wings to flie, not that loue should be swift, but that he may soare hie, to auoid base thoughts. The Topaz being thowne into the fire, burnes strait, but no sooner out of the flame but it freezeth: straw is soone kindled, but it is but a blaze: and loue that is caught in a moment, is lost in a minute: giue me leave, Menaphon, first to sorrowe for my fortunes, then to call to mind my husbands late funerals: then if the fates haue assigned I shall fancie, I will account of the before any shepheard in Arcadie. This conclusion of Samela drew Menaphon into such an extasse for ioy, that hee stood as a man metamorphozed: at last, calling his senses together, he told her he rested satisfied with her answer, and thereupon lent her a kisse, such as blushing Theris receiues from her choicest Leman. At this Lamedon awaked, either wife, no doubt, Menaphon had replied, but breaking off their talke, they went to view their pastures, & so passing betwix to the place where the shep grazed, they searched the shepheards bags, & so emptied their bottles, as Samela marvelled at such an vnconitt banquet: at last they returned home, Menaphon glorying in the hope of his successe, entertaining Samela still with such curtesy, & the finding such content in the cottage, began to despise the honors of the court.

Melling

Greene Arcadia

Resting thus in house with the shepheards, to amuse tedious conceits, she framed her selfe to the countrie labours, that she oft-times would leade the flocken to the fields her selfe, and being drest in homely attire, shee seemed like one none that was amorous of Paris. As she thus often traced along the plaines, she was noted amongst the shepheards of one Doron next neighbour to Menaphon, who entred into the consideration of her beauty, and made report of it to all his fellow swaines, so that they chatted naught in the fields but of the new shepheardesse. One day amongst the rest, it chanced that Doron sitting in parley with another country companion of his, amidst other talke, they prattled of the beauty of Samela. Dost thou know her, quoth Melicertus? (for so was his friend called) I quoth Doron, and sighed to see her, not that I was in love, but that I grieved she should bee in love with such a one as Menaphon. What manner of woman is she, quoth Melicertus? As well as I can, answered Doron, I will make description of her.

Doron's description of Samela.

Like to *Diana* in her summer weede,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dee,

goes faire *Samela*.

Whiter then be the flockes that straggling feede,
When wast by *Arcthusa* faine they lie

is faire *Samela*.

As faire *Aurora* in her morning gray,
Decks with the ruddy glister of her loue,

is faire *Samela*.

Like lovely *Thetis* on a calmed day,
When as her brightnesse *Neptunus* lancy moue,

shines faire *Samela*.

Her tresses gold her eyes like glasse frames,
Her teeth are pearle, the breasts are ivory,

of faire *Samela*.

Her cheekes like rose & lilly yeld forth gleames,
Her browes bright arches framde of ebony:

thus faire *Samela*

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Pallas faire Venus in her brauen hew,
 And Iove in the shew of mortellie,
 And all the gods for the's Simila.
 Pallas in wyl all ande wyl wyl wyl,
 For beauty, wyl and matchlesse dignitie,
 yecld to Simila.
 When thus Melicertes made such a description,
 as if Venus had by himselfe painted out the perfection of his
 Greene's paramour. He thought the Idea of her person re-
 presents it selfe an object to my stande, and that I see in the
 discoverie of her excellencie, the rare beauties of: and with
 that he stood so awestruck with such a deep sigh as it seemed
 his heart should have broken, sitting as the Lapithes when
 they gazed on Medusa. Doron maruelling at this soaine
 erent, was half afraid, as if some apoplexy had astonish
 his senses, so that checking up his friend, he demanded what
 the cause was of this soaine conceit. Melicertes no nig-
 gard in discoverie of his fortunes, began thus: I tell thee
 Doron, befoze I kept Orepse in Arcadie, I was a shep-
 heard elsewhere, so famous for my flockes, as Menaphon
 for his foldes; beloued of the Nymphes, as he likt of the
 Country Damselfs; cometing in my lous to vse Cupids
 wings, to soare high in my wailes, though my selfe were
 bozne to bale fortunes. The hobby catcheth no prey, vn-
 lesse she mount beyond her marke, the Malne tree beareth
 most boughes where it groweth highest, & Ioue is most fo-
 tunate where his courage is resolute, and though beyond
 his compasse. Grounding therefore on these principles, I
 first mine eyes on a Nymph, whose parentage was great, but
 her beauty far more excellent. her birth was by many de-
 grees greater then mine, and my worth by many descents
 lesse then hers: yet mistaking Venus Ioue Adonis; and Lu-
 na Endymion, that Cupid had holtes feathered with the
 plumes of a Crowe, as well as with the penne of an Ea-
 gle: I attempted; and courted her, I found her looks light-
 ning disdain, and her sozehead to containe fauours for o-
 thers,

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thers, and frownes for me: when I challenged faith, shee cross
me with Enceas: when loyaltie, shee told me off: when
I swore constancie, shee questioned me: all Demophoon:
when I craved a finall resolution to my fatall passions, shee
kild her browes full of wrinkles, and her eyes full of furies,
turned her back, and thooke me off with a *Non places*. This
in loues I lost loues, and for her loue had lost all, had I not
when I nere despayzed the eloquence of some courtiers
flatter, or rather the very excellences of some *Wit*is fauours
salued my halfe despayingg maladie: for shee seeing that I
held a superstitious opinion of time, in honouring him for
a Deitie, not in counting him a vaine conceite of Poetrie,
that I thought it sacriledge to wrong my desires, and the
basest fortune to inhaunce my fortune by falsifying my loue
to a woman, shee left from being so rammage, and gently
came to the first, and granted mee those fauours, shee might
afford or my thoughts desire: with this hee cast and sell a
gaine to his sight, which Doron noting, answered thus.
If (my good Melicertes) thou wilt enjoy thy loues, what
is the occasion thou beginnest with sighes, and endest with
passions? Ah, Doron, there ends my loue, for no sooner had
I triumpht in my fauours, but the trophies of my fortunes
fell like the hearbes in Syria, that flourish in the moone,
and fade before night: or like into the flye Tyryma, that
taketh life, and leaueth it all in one day. So (my Doron) did
it fare with me, for I had no sooner enjoyed my loue, but
the heauens (envious a shepheards should haue the fruition
of such a heauenly Paragon) sent persecutable fates to de
prive me of her life, and this is dead: Dead Doron: to her,
to my selfe, to all, but not to my memorie, for so deepe were
the characters stamped in my inward senses, that obliscion
can neuer rase out the forme of her excellence. And with
that hee started, seeking to fall out of those dumes with
musicks, (so hee played on his pipe certaine sonnets he had
contrained in people of that country) but plaine Do
ron, as plaine as a path to the desired him to sound a rounde
tune, hee began to sing, a song, which hee varolled to this effect.

Dorons

Greene's Arcadia

Through the shrubs as I can cracke,
 For my Lamber pretty ones,
 Among many like ones,
 Nymphes I meane, whose haire was blacke;
 As the Crow,
 Like the snow,
 Her face and browes shaine I weene,
 I saw a little one,
 A bonny pretty one,
 As bright, buxome, and as sheene,
 As was she
 On her knee, and I did see
 That killed the God, whose arrowes wannes,
 Such merry little ones,
 Such faire fac'd pretty ones,
 As dally in loues chiefeft harmes:
 Such was mine,
 Whose gray eyne
 Made me loue. I gan to woo
 This sweet little one,
 This bonny pretty one,
 I wooed hard a day or two,
 Till she bad,
 Be not fad,
 Woo no more, I am thine owne,
 Thy dearest little one,
 Thy truest pretty one:
 Thus was faith and firme loue showne,
 As behoues
 Shepheards loues.
 How like you this dittle of mine owne dealing,
 Doron? As well as my minde, replied Melicertes; for if
 Pan and I Arine, Midas being Judge, and should hap to
 give me the garland, I doubt not but his Ases eares should
 be doubled: but Doron, so long we dispute of love, and so
 get

get our labors, that both our Rocks shall be busied, and
 to us; row our merry mating barge. What is time (quoth
 Doron) so; there will bee all the Shepherds daughters and
 country Womans, and amongst them, scarce not but Menaphon
 will bring his faire Shepherdess, there Melicertes;
 shall thou see her that will amaze all our modest, and rise to
 thee, and therefore good Melicertes, let her be going. With
 this prattle, away they went to their selves, where to leave
 them, and returne to Menaphon, who triumphing in hope
 of his new loves, caused Samela to tricke her up in her coun-
 try attire, and make her selfe by one against the morning
 then thought, to be coy, were to discover her thoughts, dress
 her selfe up in Carnels rust, and blacke, and that in quaintly
 as if Venus in a country petticoate had thought to wanton
 it with her lovely Adonis. The morning came, and away
 they went, but Lamedon was left behind to keepe the house.
 At the hour appointed, Menaphon, Carmela, and Samela
 came, when all the rest were ready to make merry. As soon
 as word was brought, that Menaphon came with his new
 spouse, all the company began to stirre up, and every man
 to prepare his eye for so rich a colour: but Pefina
 a Shepherds daughter of the same Parth, that long had
 loved Menaphon, who had filled her brookes with croones,
 her eyes with tears, and her heart with griefe; yet cover-
 ting in so open an assembly, as well as she could to hide a
 paine in the heart, she expected (as others did) the arrivall of
 her new cavalier: who at that instant came with Menaphon
 into the house. No sooner was he entred into the parlour,
 but her eyes gave such a shine, and her face such a
 brightnesse, that they stood gazing on this goodly creature;
 the unacquainted, seeing her selfe among so many unknowne
 swaines, upon her cheekes with such a vermilion blush, that
 the country wits themselves fell in love with this faire
 blump, and could not blame Menaphon for being over
 the house with such a beautifull creature. Doron begged
 Melicertes on the table, and to awake him out of a drowse:
 so he was deeply drownd, in the contemplation of her ex-
 cellency;

collencie; sending out volles of sighes in remembrance of
 his old lovers; thus he late meditating on her fauour; how
 much she resembled her that death had deprived him of
 her, her welcome was great of all the company, and so that
 she was a stranger, then great offer to make her the mistress
 of the feast. Menaphon, seeing Samella thus honoured, conte-
 ned no small content in the aduantage of his guests; being
 passing merrie and pleasant with the rest of the company;
 inso much that euery one perceived how the poore souer-
 sed upon the dignities of his spirits to grace. Pelasus noting
 this, beganne to laugh; and Caius is thinking upon her fel-
 lownes; answered her froliken with a smile, which dou-
 bled her griefe; for Melanthea. paines are more pinching if
 they be giued with a scumpe, then if they be galled with
 a mellechilde. Whiles thus there was banding of such looks,
 as euery one suspected as much as an *impasse*; Samella
 willing to see the fashion of these country young wretches, cast
 her eyes abroad; and in viewing euery face, at last her eyes
 glanced on the looks of Melicernus, whose countenance re-
 sembled in some her dead Lord, that as she thought a thought
 that stood staring on his face, but assuming to gaze upon a
 stranger, she made restraint of her looks; and so taking her
 eye from her particular object, she sent it abroad to make
 generall survey of their Countrey demerit. But amidst
 all this gazing, her eye had seen yong Melanthea; who
 infected with a zealous fume, he stared each man in the face;
 fearing their eyes should see a surfeit on his spirits beaui-
 tie; if they glanced, he thought that they would be stinall
 in his loyes; if they stally lookt, then they were deeply
 swayed in affection; if they once smiled on him, they had re-
 ceined some glance from Samella that made them so mal-
 pert; if she laught, she like and at that hee began to froliken;
 thus late poore Menaphon all dinner while pained with a
 thousand jealous passions, keeping his teeth garders of his
 stomache, and his eyes watchmen of his loyes; but Meli-
 cernus halse impatient of his new conceived thoughts, de-
 termined to try how the Damsell was brought by, and
 whether

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whether there was as much as beautyfall, but that they be-
gan to breathe silence then.

The Dyes which the Bacchantes kept in Delos, the
years which the melancholic Syrens sounded in Dares;
by, were neuer to be heard, but on their festiual
daies they did: so that among the contents of many pleat-
sant parties: were if not a more than that taste of Acadie,
famous for the beauty of her Minerva, who the Amos and
roundelates of our high court, would disgrace: Pan holin-
day with such melancholic dances: & conetuous country
swaines shake off their drowsie, and feeling too hard in our
company dancels both beautiful and loose, let us enter-
taine them with prattle to try our wits, and tire our times: to
this they all agreed with a Plaudite. Then quoth Melicertes:
by your leave, since I was first in motion, I will be first in
question, and therefore now come shepherds, first to you:
at it to Samel blusht, and he began thus.

Faire Damsell, when Narcus chafed with Iuno, hee had
pardon, in that his prattle came more to pleasure the gods:
besse, then to ratifie his owne presumption: if I, mistrie, be
over bold, forgive me: I request not to offend, but to set time
free from tediousnesse. Then gentle shepherds tell me, if
you should be transgressed through the anger of the gods, in
to some shape, what creature would you wish to be in
forme: Samel blushing that she was the first that was be-
sed, yet gathered by her errand, and redoubts to be so ben-
pregnant with, as the wildest woman has ever liked with
least love made him this answer.

Gentle shepherds, it fits not strangers to be mist: a good
maiden to say: let the one tale the height of a house,
the other the fall of a steepe: pithy questions are embred
with stories, and by discouering in last, many doubts are
describered in earnest: therefore you have long called me
in craving pardon, when you have no more to tale any
grains of pardon. Therefore thus to your gradients
Daphne, I remember, was turned to a bay-tree, Niope to a
lute, Lampetes and her sisters to flowers, and sundrie
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Geometria Arcadia

Virgiles As I suppose, according to their merits; but
 if my wish might serve for a Metamorphosis, I would be
 turned into a sheep. A sheep, and why is mischief? I reason
 thus, quoth Samela, my supposition should be simple, my
 life quiet, my fate the pleasant plains of Arcadie, and the
 wealthy riches of Flere; my drink the cool streames that
 flow from the crystal Mountains of this continent,
 my aire should be clear, my walks spacious, my thoughts
 at ease, and can there be (she heard) any better premises
 to conclude my reply than these? But have you no other
 allegations for amending your resolution? Yes Sir, quoth she,
 and farre greater. When the law of our first nation, quoth
 hee, commands you to repeat them. Far be it, answered
 Samela, that I should not doe of freewill any thing that this
 pleasant company commands: therefore thus; were I a
 sheepe, I should be guarded from the falcon with folly
 & swaines, such as was Luns Love on the hills of Les-
 mor; their pipes sounding like the melodie of Mercurie,
 when he into asseps Argus: but more, when the Damsels
 tracing along the plains, should with their eyes like
 sun-bright beames, dart on lakes to gaze on such spark-
 ling planets: then weary with love, should I lie and looke
 on their beauties, as on the spotted wealth of the richest
 Pierianus, I should listen to their sweete lairs, more
 sweete then the Can-borne Syrens: thus feeding on the deli-
 cious of their fragrances, I should like the Tyrian beller fall
 in love with Agreus darling. I but, quoth Melicurus,
 those faire-faced damsels oft dash forth the kindest sheepe
 to the thimble. And what of that Sir, answered Samela,
 would not a thimble so longed with beauty. Hee saye
 yet more (quoth Pasion) there is more kinnesse in beas-
 tiall than in man: for they die saye long when larks die
 with lacke. If they be so true, quoth Menaphon, they shew
 but little more than a spark that sparks they have of uncon-
 stancy. They dye to leave their female followers, as the sea
 both ebbes and flows from the shore. Hee saye it, answered
 Pasion, then you doubt your mother was made of a wea-
 thrococke.

Greene's Arcadia.

thercocke, that brought forth such a swanning companion :
 for you, quoth Menaphon, measure your limes by minutes, and
 your limes are like lightning, which no sooner flash on the
 eye, but they vanish. It is then quoth Menaphon, because
 mine eye is a foolish iudge, and chooseth so basely : which
 when my hart censures of, it casts away as refuse. It were
 best then, said Pelana, to discharge such vniuersall iudges of their
 seates, and to let your eares hearers of your long-pleas.
 If they fault, quoth Melicenus, every market Towne hath
 a remedie, as else there is neuer a baker nere by his millas.
 So say, curiously she heard, quoth Samel, these letters are too
 broad before, they are cynical like Diogenes quips, that
 had large feathers and sharp beaks: it little fits in this com-
 pany to bandy taunts of loue, seeing you are betrothed, and
 these all maidens addicted to chastitie. You speak well as
 a patronesse of our credite, quoth Pelana, for indeede we be
 virgins, and addicted to virginittie. Now quoth Menaphon
 that you haue got a Virgin in your mouth, you will neuer
 leaue chanting the word, till you proue your selfe either a
 Welsall or a Scabill. Suppose she were a Welsall, quoth Me-
 licenus, I had almost said a Virgin (but God forbid I had
 made such a doubtfull supposition) she might carrie water
 with Amalia in a line: for amongst all the rest of virgins we
 reade of none but her that wrought such a miracle. Pelana
 hearing how pleasantly Melicenus plaide with her nose,
 thought to giue him a great bone to gnawe upon, which
 shee cast in his teeth thus briefly. I remember sir, that Epi-
 curus measured every mans diet by his owne principles:
 Apradas the great Macedonian pirc, thought every one
 had a letter of mart that sailes in the Ocean: none
 came to knocke at Diogenes tubbe but was supposed a Cli-
 nick: and foules of late path is tied vnto his vanities, that
 you will thinke Vesta a Set Square conceits of poetrie. Sa-
 mel perceiving these blazes would grow to new wounds,
 brake off their talk with this pretty digression: Gentleman,
 to end this strife, I pray you let vs heare the opinion of
 Doron, for all this while neither has nor Carvels bene ti-
 tled

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tered one too, but late as censors at our pleas: there necessarie he told us how his heart came thus on his halfepe-ny. Doron hearing Samela thus pleasant, made presently this blunt reply: I was (saie mistis) in solemne doubt with my selfe, whether in being a sheepe, you would be a ram, or an ewe? an ewe, no doubt, saith Samela, for honyes are the heaviest burthen that the head can beare. As Doron was ready to reply, came in suddenly to it a parly fours or fise old shepherds: who broke off their prattle, that from chat, they fell to drinking: and so after some parley of their flockes, eury one departed to their owne house, where they talked of the exquisite perfection of Samela, especially Melicertus, who gotten to his owne cottage, and lien downe in his couch by himselfe, beganne to ruminats on Samelae shape.

Oh Melicertus, what an object fortune this day brought to thy eyes! presenting a strange Idæa to thy sight, as appeared to Achilles of his dead friend Patroclus, tresses of gold like the tresses of Sephestiaes lockes, a face fairer then Venus, such was Sephestia: her eye painted her out Sephestia, her voice sounds her out Sephestia, the sameth name but Sephestia: but seeing there is dead, and there liues not such another Sephestia, sue to her and loue her, for that it is either a selfe-same or another Sephestia. In this hope Melicertus fell to his slumber, but Samela was not content: for she beganne thus to muse with her selfe: may this Melicertus be a shepheard: or can a countie cottage afford such perfection both this coast bring forth such excellence: then happy are the virgins that shall haue such sisters, and the wiues such pleasing husbands: but his face is not in: charged with any rurall proportion, his browes contains the characters of nobility, and his locks in shepherds word are lordly: his voice pleasing, his toll full of gentrie: weigh all these equally, and consider Samela, is it not thy Maximus? I am tooke, away with these suppositions: could the dreaming of Andromache call Hector from his graue: or can the vision of my husband raise you from the seas?

Luth,

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Thus, scarce not to such banition: he is dead, and therefore
 giving not the memory with the imagination of his helo
 revivie, for there hath beene but one Hippolytus for his helo
 Virbius, twice a man: to save Samela then this supposell, if
 they count the world Diavish, entertaine them with fables:
 if he send her a Lamb he present him a Crow: if her love bee
 loved, and for no other reason, but, she is like Maximus,
 It has beene rested, and thus has slept, all parties being e-
 qually content and satisfied with none except Pelana, who
 fettered with the featur of her self beloveth Menophon,
 late cursing Cupid as a partiall Deitie, that would make
 more day-light in the firmament then one Sunne, more
 raine-boies in the heaven then one Iove, and more loves in
 one heart then one settled passion: many prayers she made
 to Venus for revenge, many boies to Cupid, many Drisars
 to Minerva, if shee might possesse the type of her desires.
 Well now come, howsoever she was pained, she smothered
 all with patience, and thought to have some with fasting
 not to looke and thus shee daily, brone out the time with la-
 bour and looking to her herd, hearing every day by Doron
 who was her husband, what successe Menophon had in his
 loves. It was fates and fortunes dealing a deadly catastro-
 phe to make a more pleasing Epitaph, it fell out amongst
 them thus. Melicentus going to the fields, as he was wont
 to doe with his flocks, drone to graze he met the swaines of
 Menophon as he wight, to have blis of his helo entertain-
 ned with his: who according to his expectation came thither
 every day. Melicentus, esteeming her to bee some Farmers
 daughter at the most, could not tell how to court her: yet, at
 length calling to remembrance her case well discerned in
 their last discourse, finding opportunitie to give her both
 ball and racket, seeing the count was there and that none but
 Samela and he were in the field, he left his flocks in the val-
 ley, and kept unto her, and saluted her thus.

My friend, at all eyes that glance but at the excellence of your
 perfection, Moneraigne of all such as Venus both allowed for
 lovers, Oenones over-match, Arcadiea comel, beauties se-

for a comfort, all haste: taking you as like I was when she first
watcht her white better on the Lincen downes, as bright as
silver Phoebe mounted on the his top of the ruddy element,
I was by a strange attractiue force drawne, as the admant
drawes the yron, or the Teat the Strab, to vilitie your sweete
liffe in the shade, and afford you such companie as a peece
Swaine may part without shame, which if you shal vouch
to vigne of, I shall be as glad of such accepted service, as
Paris was of his deere belov'd Paramour. Samels looking
vpon the shepheards face, and seeing his utterance full of broken
kennes, thought to be pleasant with her shepheards chous:
Arcadie Apollo, whose brightnes sheweth every tie to turn
as the Heliotropion both after her light, fairest of shepheards
the dapples sweetest object, womens liking, in wronging
many with ones due welcome, & so welcome, as we bough-
tate of your service, vnder of your company, as of him that
is the grace of all companies: and thus said vpon any light
parted, would venter to request you to shew us a taste of your
cunning. Samels made this reply, because he heard him in
superfine, as if Ephesus had learned him to refine his mo-
thers tongue, therefore though he had done it of his owne
will, to her eloquent: and Melicertes thinking Samels had
learned with Lucilla in Athens, to imitate her soft, and speak
none but *Amor*, imagined thus: that when her talke to bee
thought like Sappho, Phoebe Paramour: thus declared either in
others suppositions, Samels talke does her talke than I know,
Priamus wonton could not be without stocks of similes to
follow him in the stile of Idyl, beauty hath regions to attend
her excellency: if the shepheards be true: if like Narcissus you
wax not your face in the cloud of subaline, you cannot but
have some rare Paragon to your selfe, whom I would
have you in some manner set: the as Iones said Ions, if Ioue
could get from Iunony pipe that perfume, and I adventure
with my voyce to set out my mistis fauour, for your excel-
lence to censure of, and therefore thus: yet Melicertes, for that
he had a further reach, would not make any eloquent de-
scription, chanced it thus comingly.

Greene's Arcadia.

Melicertus description of his Mistress.

Tune on my Pipe, the prayse of my loue,
And midst thy Oaten harmonie recouer
How faire she is that makes thy musike moue,
And euery string of thy hearts Harpeto moue,
Shall I compare her forme vnto the Sphære,
Whence Sun-bright *Venus* vantes her finer shine?
Ah, more then that by iust compare is thing,
Whose Crisall lookes the cloudy beuens doe cleare,
How oft haue I descending *Titan* scene,
His burning locks couch in the sea-Queenes lap,
And beauteous *Thetis* his red bodie wrap,
In watry robes, as he her Lord had beene?
When as my Nymph impatient of the night,
Bade bright *Aryas* with his traine giue place,
Whiles she led forth the day with her faire face,
And lent each starre a more then *Delia* light,
Not *Ioue* or nature (should they both agree,
To make a woman of the firmament,
Of his mixt puritie) could not inuent
A skieborne forme so beautifull as shee.

When Melicertus had ended this roundelay in prayse of his *Spizris*, Samela percesided by his description, that either some better Poet then himselfe had made it, or else that his former phrase was dissembled: wherefore to try him thoroughly, & to see what snare lay hid vnder the grasse, she followed the chase in this manner. Melicertus, might not a stranger craue your *Spizris* name? At this the Shepheard blusht, and made no reply. How now, quoth Samela, what is she to meane that you shame, or so high that you feare to bewray the soveraigne of your thoughts? And not in doubt man: for see shee base, I read that mightie *Timberlaine* after his wife *X-nocrate* (the worlds faire eye) passed out of the theatre of this mortall life, he chose *Stigmaticall* *Trails* to please

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his humorous fancie. Be this a Princeſſe, honour hangs in
high deſires, and it is the token of a high mind to venter ſo
a Queene: then gentle ſhepherd tell me thy miſtris name.
Melicertus, hearing his Goodneſſe ſpoke ſo amozably, bea-
thed out this ſodaine reply: To high Samela, and therefore I
feare with the Syrian Telolus to backe againſt the ſprie,
or with them of Scyrum, to ſhoute againſt the ſtarres in the
height of my thoughts ſoaring too high, to fall with woſull
repenting feare: For ſoher did mine eye glance vpon her
beantie, but as if love and fate had fate to ſozge my ſatall
diſquiet, they trap me within her lookes, and haling her
Idæa through the paſſage of my ſight, placed it ſo deeplie in
the center of my heart, as nanger all my ſtudious endes;
it ſtill and ener will keepe reſleſſe poſſeſſion: Noting her
vertues, her beauties, her perfections, her excellence, and
ſcare of her too high boine parentage, though painefully ſet-
tered, yet haue I ſtill feared to date ſo haughty an attempt to
ſo bzauie a perſonage: leſt ſhe offend me at my preſumption,
I periſh in the height of my thoughts. This concluſion bro-
ken with an abrupt paſſion, could not ſo ſatiſſie Samela, but
ſhe would be further inquiſtine: At laſt, after many queſti-
ons, he answered thus: ſeing, Samela, I conſume my ſelfe,
and diſpleaie you, to hazard ſo the ſalue that may cure my
maladie, and ſatiſſie your queſtion, know it is the beante-
ous Samela. Be there moze of that name in Arcadie, beſide
my ſelfe, god ſhe? I know not, ſaid Melicertus, but were there
a million, only you are Melicertus Samela: but of a million,
quoth ſhe, I cannot be Melicertus Samela: ſoꝛ loue hath put
one arrow of deſire in his quiner, but one ſtring to his bow,
and in choiſe but one ſyme of affection. Haue ye already,
ſaid Melicertus, ſet your reſt vpon ſome higher Perſonage?
No, ſaid Samela, I meane by your ſelfe, ſoꝛ I haue heard
that your fancie is linked already to a beautiful ſhepherdſſe
in Arcadie. At this the poore ſwaine tainted his cheeks with
a vermillion die, yet thinking to carry out the matter with
a leſt, he ſtood to his tackling thus: whoſoener, Samela, de-
ſcanted of that loue, told you a Canerburie Tale, ſome pro-
pheticall

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pheticall full mouth, that as hee were a Coblers eldest son, would by the Last, sell where anothers shewings, but his soterly apperance was full leuell, in thinking euery looke was loue, or euery faire word a palme of loyalty. Then said Samela, taking him at a rebound, Neither may I thinke your glances to be fancies, nor your greatest profession any assurance of deepe affection: therefore ceasing off to court any further at this time, thinke you haue proued your selfe to fall a souldier to continue so long at battery, and that I am a fauourable foe that haue continued so long at parly: but I charge you by the loue you owe your dearest mistress, not to say any more as touching loue at this time. If Samela, said he, thou hadst inuyned me as I had, did so Hercules, most dangerous labours, I would haue discovered my loue by obedience, and my affection by death: yet let me craue this, that as I began with a Sonnet, so I may end with a Madrigall. Content, Melicurus, quoth he, for none more then I loue musicke. Upon this reply the shepheards proude, followed with this dittie.

Melicurus Madrigall.

What promy sheepe without their wonted foode?

What is my life except I gaine my loue?

My sheepe consume and faint for want of blood,

My life is lost yaleffe I grace approue.

No flower that saplesse thrines,

No Turke without pheare.

The day without the Sunne, doth lowre for woe,

Then woe mine eyes, yaleffe chy beauty see

My Sunne Samelars eyes, by whom I know

Wherein delight consists where pleasures be.

Nought more the heart reuiues

Then to embrace his deare.

The starres from earthly humors gaine their light,

Our humors by their light possesse their power:

Samelars eyes fed by my weeping fight

Infuels my paines or ioyes, by smile or lowre.

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So wends the source of loue,
 It feedes, it failes, it ends,
 Kind lookes cleare to your loy, behold her eyes,
 Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses,
 In them the heaven of ioy and solacielies:
 Without them eu'ie hope his succour misses.
 Oh how I loue to proue,
 Whereto this solace tends.

Scarcely had the shepheard ended this spawdigall, but Samela began to frowne, saying he had broken promise. Melicertus allenged, if he had offered any passion, it was sung, not said. Thus these lovers, in a humorous miscant of their prattle, espied a far off olde Lamedon and Menaphon comming towards them: whereupon kissing in conceit, and playling with interchanged glances, Melicertus stole to his shepe, and Samela satte her downe making of nets to catch birds. At last, Lamedon and healous came, & after many gracious looks, and much good parly, helpt her home with her shepe, & put them in the folds: but leaning these amozons shepherds busse in their loues, let vs resurise at length to the pretty babie Samelas childe, whom Menaphon had put to nurse in the country. This infant being by nature beautiful, and by birth noble, euen in his cradle exprest to the eyes of the gazers, such glazions presages of his approaching fortunes, as if another Alcides (the arm-strong, doeling of the doubled night) by wrestling with snakes in his swabbling clowtes, should prophesse to the world the approaching wonders of his prowess: so did his fiery looks reflect terror to the weak beholders of his ingrafted nobilitie, as if some God thot to be borne, like to the Egyptian Bacchus, insuaining his heauy-bozne doitie, should delude our eyes with the alternate form of his infancie. Five yeres had full run their monthly resolution, when as this beauteous boy began to shew himselfe among the shepherds children, with whom he had no sooner contracted familiar acquaintance, but straight he was chosen Lord of the spay game, King of their sports, & Ring-leader

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leader to their reuel, inſomuch that his ſonne mother be-
holding him by chance, mounted in his kingly Paletie,
and ſmitting honourable iuſtice in his gameſome ex-
eſſe of diſcipline, with feares of toy take by theſe prophel-
call termes: wel do I ſee, where God and Fate hath bowed
ſelicitee, no aduerſe fortune may oppoſe proſperitie. Pleuſidip-
pus thou art young, thy looks bright, and thy thoughts hau-
tie, ſoueraignety is ſeated in thine eyes, & honoz in thy hart:
I feare, this fire will haue his flame, and ſheer am I vndone
in thine my ſonne my countrylife (ſweet countrylife) in thy
proude ſearing hopes, diſpoſed and diſtrailed of the diſgui-
ſed array of hiarell, muſt returne ruſſet tuedes to the ſolds
where I left my ſeares, & haſte to the court of my hell, there
to inuelt me with my wanted cares: how now Samel, wilt
thou be a Sybill of miſhap to thy ſelfe? The angry heauens
that haue eterniz'd thy ſyile, haue eſtabliſht thy content in
Arcady, my content in Arcady, that we may be no longer
then my Pleuſidippus dates in Arcady, which I haue cauſe to
feare: for the whelpes of the Lyon are no longer harmeleſſe
then when they are whelpes, and babes are no longer to be
atred then while they are babes. I, but nature: & therewith
ſhe pauſed, being interrupted by a tumult of voyes, that by
yong Pleuſidippus command fell vpon one of their fellows,
and beat him moſt cruelly for playing falſe play at game
holes: which ſhe ſpying through the lattice to ſee who could
not abuſe but ſmile above meaſure: but when ſhe ſaw him
in his childiſh ſearmes condemne one to death, for deſpiſing
the authoritie bequeathed him by the reſt of the voyes, then
ſhe beſought her of the Perſian Cyrus, that deposed his
Grandfather Amyages, whoſe ſon it was, at like age to ſi-
mulate maiesty in like manner. In this diſtraction of
thoughts ſhe had not long time ſtayed, but Lamedon and
Menaſphon called her away to accompany them to the ſolds,
whiles Pleuſidippus haſting to the execution of iuſtice, diſ-
miſſed of his boyiſh ſeſſion till their next meeting: where
how imperiouſly hee behaued himſelfe in puniſhing miſdo-
ers amongst his equals, in uſing more then ſetting ſauers
towards

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As for his butchery copesmates, I referre it to the An-
nals of the Arcadians that dilate not a little of this ingeni-
ous argument. In this sort old Pleusidippus drew forth his
infancie; till on a time walking to the shore, where he with
his mother were wont, to gather Cockle and pebble
stones, as children are wont: there arrived on the strand a
Thessalon Pirate named Eurilochus, who after he had soj-
raged in the Arcadian confines, dining before him a large
bottie of beastes to his ships, espied this pretty infant, when
gazing on his face, as wanton Ioue gazed on Phrygian Ga-
nimede in the fields of Ida, hee exhaled into his eyes such
deepe impression of his perfection, as that his thought ne-
uer thrilled so much after any prey, as this pretty Pleusi-
dippus possession: But determining first to assay him by
curtesie, before he assailed him with rigour, he began to try
his wit after this manner. My little child, whence art thou,
where wert thou borne, what is thy name, and wherefore
wanderest thou thus all alone on the shore? I pray you
what are ye sir, quoth Pleusidippus: that deale thus with
me by interrogatories, as if I were some run-away? Willst
thou not tell me then who was thy father? said he, Good sir,
if ye will needs know, goe aske that of my mother. He hath
said well, my Lord, quoth Romario, who was one of his
speciall associates, so wise are the children in these dayes
that know their owne fathers, especially if they be begot-
ten in dog-dayes, when their mothers are franticke with
loue, & yong men furious for lust. Besides, who knowes not
that these Arcadians are giuen to take the benefit of euery
Hodge, when they will sacrifice their virginities to Venus,
though they haue but a bush of nettles for their bed and sure
this boy is but some shepheards ballad at the most, howe-
soeuer this wanton face imposteth more then appearance.
Pleusidippus eyes at this speech resolved into fire, and his
face in purple with a more then common courage in chil-
dren of his yeres and stature, gaue him the lye roundly in
this reply: Defiant, the ballad in thy face, for I am a Gen-
tleman: wert thou a man in courage, as thou art a colwe in
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proposition, thou wouldest neuer haue so much impaired thy
honesty, as to derogate from my honoz. Look not in my face,
but leuel at my heart by this that thou seest: & therewith be let
vnto him with such pebble stones as he had in his hat, in
somuch that Romenio was driuen to his heeles, to shunne
this suddaine haile-shot, and Eurilochus resolved into laugh-
ter, and in termes of admiration most highly extolled so ex-
ceeding magnanimitie in so little a bodie: which how avail-
able it proued, to the confirmation of his fancie that was
befoze inflamed with his features, let them imagine that
haue noted the imbecillitie of that age, and the vnresis-
ted furie of men at Armes. Sufficeth at this instant to
vnsfold (all other circumstances of praise laid apart): that Eu-
rilochus being far in loue with his extraordinary lineaments
awaited no farther party, but willed his men perforce, to
hopse him a ship-board, intending as soone as euer he arriued
in Thessalie, by sending him to the Court as a present, to
make peace with his Lord & Master Agenor, who not long
befoze had proclaimed him as a notorious Pirat through-
out all his dominions. Neither swarued hee one whit from
his purpose: for no sooner had he cast anchor in the port of He-
drianopolis, but he arraigned him in choise silkes, and Tyrian
purple, and so sent him as a prize to the king of that Coun-
trei: who walking as then in his Summer garden, with his
Quene the beauteous Eriphila, fell to discourse (as one wel
faine in Philosophie) of Hearbs and flowers, as the saueur
or colour did occasion: and hauing spent some time in dis-
puting their medicinable properties, his Lady reaching him
a Parigold, he began to moralize of it thus merrily: I mar-
uell the Poets that were so proficall in painting the amo-
rous affection of the sun to his Hyacinth, did neuer obserue
the relation of loue betwixt him and the Parigold: it should
seeme eyther they were loth to incurre the displeasure of
women, by propounding in the way of comparison any ser-
uile imitation: or head-strong wines, that loue no precepts
lesse then those pertaining vnto dutie; or that the flower
not so vsuall in their gardens as ours, in her vnacquainted
name,

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name, did obſcure the honour of her amours to Apollo, to
 whoſe motions reducing the method of her ſpringing, ſhe
 waketh and ſleepeth, openeth and ſhuteth her golden leaves
 as he riſeth and ſetteth. Well did you ſore-ſhall my excep-
 tion, quoth Eriphila, in terming it a ſervile imitation: for
 were the condition of a wiſe ſo ſanſh, as your ſimilitude
 would inferre, I had as lief be your page as your ſpouſe,
 your dog as your darling. Not ſo, ſweet wiſe, answered A-
 genor, but the compariſon holdeth in this, that as the Pa-
 rigold reſembleth the Sun both in colour and ſoame, ſo each
 mans wiſe ought every way to be y^e image of her husband,
 framing her countenance to ſmile, when ſhe ſees him diſ-
 poſed to mirth, and contrarywiſe her eyes to teares, her
 being ſurcharged with melancholy: As the Parigold diſ-
 playeth the extant ornaments of her beautie, and to the
 reſplendent beſiege of none but her lover Hyperion: ſo ought
 not a woman of modeſtie lay open the allorments of her
 face to any but her eſponſed Where, in whoſe abſence, like
 the Parigold in the abſence of the Sunne, ſhe ought to ſhut
 up her dozes, and ſolemnize continual night, til her husband,
 her Sun making a happy returne, viſealeth her ſilence with
 the joy of his ſight. Welcome mee, but if all flowers (quoth
 Eriphila) afford ſuch influence of eloquence to our adverſe
 Orators, Ile exempt them all from my ſmell, for ſcare they
 be all planted to poiſon. Oft have I heard (replied Agenor)
 our cunning Whiſtlers conclude, that one poiſon is harme-
 leſſe to another, which if they be ſo, there is no cauſe why a
 thistle ſhould ſcare to be ſtung of a Nettle. I can tell you ſir,
 you were beſt beware, leſt in loading too farre in compari-
 ſons of thistles and Nettles, you exchange not your Roſe for
 a Nettle. It ſeemeth quoth Agenor, it is no more, but my gar-
 denier ſhall plucke it up by the roots, and throw it over the
 wall as a weed. To end this teſt, which elſe would iſſue to
 a ſarre, what purple flower is this in ſoame like a Hyacinth
 (quoth Eriphila) ſo cunningly dropped with blood, as if Na-
 ture had intermeddled with the Herald's art to emblazon a
 bleeding heart: It is the flower, into which Poets ſaigne,
 Venus

Venus caused dying Adonis to bee turned a faire Boy, but passing unfortunate. What is possible (quoth Eriphila) that ever nature should bee so bounteous to a Boy, to give him a face in despite of women's fairestaine would I see such an object, and then would I bestow beautie for imparting my excellencie to any inferior object. In saying these words, (as if fortune meant to present her fancie with her desired felicity) Romenio conducted by one of the Ladies, came with young Pleusidippus in his hand into the princie Garden: where discouering vnto the King the intent of Eurilochus, in presenting him with such an inestimable Jewell, the manner of his taking of the Sirraps of Arcadie, with other circumstances of vowed allegiance: all which being gratefully accepted of Agenor, hee sealed their severall pardons, and gave them leave to depart. But when hee had thoroughly observed euery perfection of young Pleusidippus, he burst into these termes of passion: Had sea-borne Pontus then an applyable eare in our violence, that to tell his sternall Deity, he should send vs a second Adonis, to delude our senses: what ever may deserve the name, faire haue I seen before, beautie haue I beheld in his brightest ayre, but neuer set eye on immortallitie before this haire. Eriphila, likewise in no lesse extasse, seeing her eyes to gaze with the reflex of his beautie, and her cheeks fainted with a blush of disgrace by too much gazing on his face, said: that either the Sunn had left his bowler to beguile their eyes with a borrowed Shape (which could not keepe in his brightnessse,) or Cupid dismounted from his mothers lap, left his bowe quauer at random, to outbrave the Thessalonian dames in their beautie. In this contrariety of thoughts, being all plunged wel-nigh in a speechlesse astonishment, the faire childe Pleusidippus, not used to such hyperbolicall spectators, broke off the silence, by calling for his victuals, as one whose empty stomacke since his coming from sea, was not over-eloped with delicacies. Whereat Agenor, reuined from his trance, wherein the present wonder had inswapt him, demanded such questions of his name and parentage, as the Pyrats ignorance

ignorance could not unfold: but he being able to tell no more then this, that his mother was a Shepheardesse, and his owne name, Pleusidippus, cut off all other interrogatories, by calling after his childlike manner againe, for his dinner. Whereupon, Agenor, commanding him to bee had in, and used in every respect as the child of a Prince, began in his solitarie walks by his countenance to calculate his Parentie, and measure his birth by his beautie, contracting him in thought, heire to the Kingdome of Thessaly, and husband to his daughter, before he knew whence the childe descended, or who was his father.

But leaving yong Pleusidippus, thus spending his youth in the Thessalian Court, protected with the tender affection of such a courteous Foster-father as Agenor, retorne wee where wee left, backe into Arcadie, and meeete his mother the faire Samela returning from the Folds: who having discoursed by the way as shee came home to Lamedon and Menaphon, what shee late saw and observed in her Sonne, they both consiouned their iudgements to their conclusion, that he was doubtlesse boine to some greater fortunes then sheepcotes could containe, and therefore it behooved her to further his Desires with some good and liberal education, and not to detain him any longer in that trade of life, which his fortune withstood: but by the way, to rebuke him for tyrannizing so Lordly over the Boyes, lest the neighbour Shepheards might haply intrude the name of inurie on them being Strangers: for his insulting over their childzen. With this determination came she home, and calling for Pleusidippus, according to their former counsaile, he would ~~no~~ wife be found. Whereupon enquire was made among all the Shepheards, diligent search in every Village, but still the most carefulllest Post returned with, *Non est inuentus*. Which Samela hearing, thinking shee had utterly lost him whom fortune had saved, began in this manner to act her burck: Dissembling Heavens, where is your happinesse? Uncertaine times, what are your triumphes? Paus you therefore hitherto sed mee with

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with honie, that ye might at last poison me with gall: Have
you satted mee so long with Sardanian smiles, that like the
watches of the Syrens, I might perish in your smiles? Curs
that I was to affie in your court: curse that I am to taste
of your crueltie! O, Pionisippus, liest thou, or art thou
dead? If thou art dead, dead to the world, dead to thy kind-
folken, dead to Cypres, dead to Arcadie, dead to thy mother
Samela: and with thee dyes the Worlds wonder, thy kind-
dolls comfort, Cypres soule, Arcadies hopes, thy mothers
honors. Was this the prophecy of thy Souerainity, to yield
up thy life to death so untimely? Wretched was I of all
women, to bring the forth to this infant.

O cruel Themis, that didst resolve such vnenitable fate:
hard-hearted death to proferute me with such hate. Have we
therefore escape the furies of the seas, to perish on the land:
was it nat enough that we were exiled from higher prospe-
ritie, but wee must all of vs suddenly be overwhelmed with
the overflow of a second aduersitie: my husband & my father
to be swallowed in the fury of the surge, and now thou to be
(and therewith her eyes distilled such abundance of teares,
as stoppt the passage of her plaints, & made her seeme a more
then second Niobe, bewailing her tenfold sorrows under
the faine of weeping Flint.) Menophon, who had over-
heard her all this while, as one that sought opportunitie to
plead his distress, perceining her in that extremitie of agony
for her losses supposed losse, leapt to her presently and chee-
red her spirit in these termes: faire shepherdesse, might y teares
of contrition rayse the dead frō destruction, then were it wis-
dome to bewaile what weeping might recall: but since such
anguish is fruitlesse, and these plainings bootlesse, comfort
your selfe with the hope of the living, and omit the teares for
the dead. O thy, goodly Samela, how is it possible a woman
should lose him without griefe, whom hee hath contained
with sorrow hee was, swate Menophon, the deuised halfe
of my essence, soule to my senses, and life to my delights,
as beauteous in his birth, as is our bright bow-hearing
god, that played the shepheard awhile for Ioue, amidst
our

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our pleasant Arcadian Detour. What euer he was in bea-
tie, quoth Menaphon, proceeded from your bounty, who
may by marriage make his like when you please: therefore
there is no cause, why you should so much grieue to see your
first love defaced, that of a new mold, can forme a far bet-
ter then euer he was. Ah, Menaphon, were mine may his like
proceed from my loynes: I tell thee, he made the Chamber
bright with his beaultie when he was borne, and cheeke the
night with the golden rayes that gleamed from his looke:
never more may I be the mother of such a son. O yes, Samella
(quoth the foolish Shepherde) thinke not but if thou wilt
list to my loyes; I will wish the with as faies increase as
euer he was. Alas, poore Samella, said she; thou hopest in
vaine, since another must reape what thou hast sowne, and
gather into his barnes, what thou hast sowed in the fur-
row. Another Rape? what? I haue sowne: What with her
feratche of head where it hath; and setting his cap, he
could not tell which way, in a hote Italian stime he bittered
these words of fury: O traitor of Greece; repayell thou
my lone with this sadde ingratitude: I therefore with
my plenty supplie thy wants; that thou with thy pike
shouldst procure my worrrow: I would thou wast a foole, to
wound me in thy willfare with violence: Decent woman
(and thus with he swore a holow oath; by Pan the god of
the Shepherds) either returne low to low, or I will turne
the forth of vices to scrape up the erinde of thee thou canst;
and make the pillow for thy porterie; that as while thou
honored in euery mans eye through the surpassance of thy
beaultie. Wellke thou, quoth Samella, when you entertained
me into your house, you didst not in regard of the labors of
hospitalitie, but only with this policy; to quench the flames
of your fancie. Then Sir, I haue mistoke you: I haue mistoke
and am loth to be tied to your courtship; I thought no lesse,
said Menaphon, when your straggling eyes at our last inte-
ting, would bee gawding throughout euery corner of our
company; that you would please such a kinde of skill: but
if you will needs bee strutting, I will see you yet euer. I
wat,

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warrant you: then for which of our bearded fathers will take you in, when I haue call you forth. Those said she, that out-countenance Menaphon and his posse, are better able then your selfe: but howsoeuer I find their fauour, I henceforth bestee you and your fellowship. And therewith in great rage she flung aiaap into the next chamber, where her uncle Lamedon lay sleeping, who complaining of Menaphons discourtesies, he straight inuented this remedie: There was a Shepheard called Moron (brother to Doron) that not long before dyed of a surfet, whose house and stocke being set to sale after his decease, he bought them both forthwith for Samela, with certaine remainder of money he had, and therein enfeofed her, managre the surie of Menaphon, who when he saw she was able to support her state without his purse, became sick for anger, and spent whole dayes in anguish. Sometime lying comfortles in his bed, he would complain him to the windes, of his woes, in these as such like words: Forloyne, and forsake, since which doth losse the, despayre be thy death, lone is a god, and despiseth the a man: fortune blinde, and cannot beholde thy defects: die, die, fond Menaphon, that ungratefully hast abandoned thy distresse. And therewith stretcht himselfe vpon his bed, as thinking to haue slept, he was restrained by cares that criled all rest from his eyes: whereupon taking his pipe in his hand, twint playing and singing he plained him thus.

Menaphons Song in his bed.

Your restless cares, companions of the night,
That wrapt my ioyes in folds of endless woes:
Tyre on my heart, and wound it with your spight,
Since lone and fortune proues my equall foes.
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies,
Welcome, sweet griefe, the subject of my layes.
Mourne heauen, mourne earth, your Shepheard is forlorne;
Mourne times, and houres, since bale inuades by bowre,
Curse eery tongue, the place where I was borne,
Curse eery thought, the life which makes me lowre.

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Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies,
Welcome, sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

Was I not free? was I not fancies syne?

Framde not desire my face to front disdaines.

I was; she did: but now one silly malice

Makes me to droope, as he whom loue hath slaine.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy dayes,

Welcome, sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

Yet drooping, and yet liuing to this death,

I sigh, I lue for pittie at her shrine:

Whose fierie eies exhale my vitall breath;

And make my flockes with parching heat to pine.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy dayes,

Welcome, sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

Pade they, die I, long may she liue to blisse,

That feeds a wanton fire with fuell of her forme:

And makes perpetuall summer where she is,

Whiles I doe cry, or e-tooke with enules sorrowe.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies,

Welcome, sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

So sooner had Menaphon ended this pittie, but Pelana hearing that he was lately salne sick, and that Samela and he were at mortall farres, thinking to make hay while the sunne shined, and take opportunitie by her sorowes; coming into his chamber, vnder pretence to visit him, fell into these termes: Why, how now, Menaphon, hath your new change dzinen you to a night-cap? Welcome mee, this is the strangest effect of loue that euer I saw, to freeze so quickly the heart & is set on fire so lately. Why, may it not be a burning feuer aswell, quoth Menaphon, blushing? Nay, that can not bee, said Pelana, since you shake for colde, not sweats for heat. Why, if it be so, it is long of cold entertainment. Why, said Pelana, hath your hate entertainment cooled your courage?

So, but her undeserued hate quite bindzed my conquest. You know, said Pelana, where you might haue beene let in

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in longers this, without either assault or any such batterie.
With this the shepheards was pained, and Pefana ashamed:
but at length regathering his spirite, to bewray his par-
tydome, and make his old spirite some new musicke, hee
strained forth this Dittie.

Faire fields proud Flores vaunt, Why is't you smile

You golden meads, why strive you to beguile

my weeping anguish?

I live to sorrow, you to pleasure spring,

why doe you spring thus?

What will not *Bereas* tempests wrathfull King,

take some paine on vs?

And send forth winter in rustie weed,

to waile my bemoanings;

Whiles I distressed doe tune my Countrey rae,

unto my goanings.

But heauen, and earth, time, place, and euery power,

haue with her conspired,

To turne my blissefull sweet to balefull sowre,

since I fond desired.

The heauen, whereto my thoughts may not aspire,

aye me vnhappy:

It was my fault e' imbrace my bane the fire,

that forceth me to dye.

Mine be my paine, but hers the cruell cause

of this strange torment:

Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,

till proud she repent.

Well I perceiue, said Pefana, for all thee hath let you flye

like a Wawke that hath lost her type. yet you meane to fol-

low suite and seruice, though you get but a handful of smoke

to the bargain. Not so, said Menaphon, but perhaps I seeke

to returne an ill bargain, as deare as I bought it. If you do

so, you are wiser then this kercher betweth you, said Pesa-

na. such idle prattle to this end had Menaphon with Pe-

sana in his sicknesse; and long it was not, but that with

god

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good byet and worthy docthe, (more especially by her curstall
attendance) he began to pashor by his crimes, and listen by
little and little to the Lord he late learned. Leave me then to
their cymell veltion, and fulfilling either of others societie,
and let vs looke backe to Thessalie; where Samelae's Wrip-
ling (now growne up to the age of 16. yeres) dworight in ho-
nor e seats of Armes aboue all the Knights of the Court, in-
somuch, that the reche of his fame, was the only newes talkt
on throughout every Tolpne in Greece. But Olympia, the
mistris of his pzoesses (for so was the Kings daughter na-
med) was she that most of all exulted in the sarte renowned
repepts of his martiall pfectiouns; to whose pzaple hee did
consecrate all his endeuours; to whose exquisite sozms hee
did dedicate all his aduentures. But Hel-bozhe fame, the
eldest daughter of Eryonis, enuying the felicitie of these two
famous louers, dismounted effloones from her byasse-soun-
ding buildings, and subyrdned her selfe of her secrets in the
pzesence of young Pleusidippus, among whose Catalogue she
had not sogot to: discover the incomparable beauty of the
Arcadian Shepheardselle, whereat the young Prince no sonec
had receiued an inkiing; but he stood vpon thoznes till hee
had satisfied his desire with her sight. Therefoze on a time
sitting with his spizis at supper, when soz table-talkt it
was debated amongst them: what Countrey shod the most
accomplished Dames for all things: after strangers and o-
thers had deliuered by their opinions without partialtie,
one among them all, who had diene in Arcadie, gaue by his
verdit thus freely: Gentlewoman (quoth hee) bee it no dis-
grace for the Moone to loope to the Sunne, for the Stars to
giue place when Titan appeares: then I hope neyther the
Thessalians will bee moued, nor the Grecians agrained, if
I make Apollos Arcadie, beauties meridian: Neither will I
pzoceed hereein as our Philosophical Poets are wont, that
muster every manner in the Zodiacks, every fixed starte in
the Firmament, every elementall word of art in an Alma-
nacke, to pzooue that Countrey for beantie most canonicall
where their spizis abideth: when as (Oad wat) had they
but

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but learned of Apelles, *No Sutor ultro crepidam*, they would not haue aspired aboue their birth, as talked beyond their lotterly bringing vp. Our Arcadian Nymphs are faire and beautifull, though not begotten of the Suns bright rayes, whose eyes haunt loues at mooy to the bixw, whose angelical faces are to the obscure earth in shew of firmament: die to but this counterfeit, (and therewithal he shewed the picture of Samel) and saif it be not of force to draw the Sun from his sphere, or the Moone from her Circle, to gaze as the one did on the beautie of Daphne, or al night contemplate as the other on the forme of Endymion. Pleusidippus, who all this while heard his Tale with attentins patience, no sooner beheld the radiant glasse of this resplendant face, but as a man already installed in eternitie, hee exclaimed thus abruptly: O Arcady, Arcady, how houses of nymphs, & nursery of beautie! At which words Olympia starting vp suddenly, as if she a second Iuno, had taken her loue in bed with Alcmena; and ouercalling the Chamber with a frowne that was able to mantle the Sun with an eternall night. She made passage to her choler in these termes of contempt: *Heard I like vpstart of I know not whence, haue the fauors of my bountie (not thy desert) entred thee so deeply in ouer-weening presumption, that thou shouldest be the foremost in derogation of our dignity & blaspheming of my beauty? I tell thee miscreant, I scorne thy clownish Arcadie with his inferior comparisons, as one that prizeth her perfection aboue any created constitution.* Pleusidippus, vpon this speech stood plunged in a great perplexitie, whether he should excuse himselfe mildly, or take her vp roundly: but the latter being more leuell to his humour then the former, he began thus to retort by his turne: *Disdainfull dame, that vpbraidest me with my birth as it were base, and my youth as it were boyish: know that though my Parents and Progeny are enuid by obscuritie, yet the sparkes of renowne that make my Eagle-minded thoughts to mount the heavenly fire imprisoned in the pannels of my cress, inciting me to more deeds of honour, then stout Perseus effected with his sauchon in the fields of Hell-*

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perla, ascertained my soule I was the son of meadoward, but a gentleman; but this my kinred of parentage, is such an excuse to thy chur, hold, take thy leuons (and therewith he thye her glorie) and immortallise whom thou wilt with thy toyes, so I will to Arcadie in spite of thee, and thy affinitie, there either to take but mischance, or a new Epistle.

With this, in a great rage he rose from the board, & would haue mounted himselfe to depart in that maner: had not the Lords & gentlemen there present dissuaded him from such an vniuersed enterprise. Neither was this vnkindnes kept so secret, but it came to the Kings eare as hee was new risen from dinner, who for the loue he bare to Pleusidippus, whom he had honozed with knighthood not long before, and for the toward hopes he saw in him, took paines to go to the chamber where they were, & finding his daughter in strange manner perplexed with the thoughts of Pleusidippus departure, her eyes red, and her cheeks all to be blubberd with her iealous teares, he took her vp in this maner. Daughter, I thought I had chose such a one to be the object of your eye, as ye might haue euerie way loued and honozed as the Lord of your life, and not haue controlled as the slave of your lust. Did I therfore grace him with my countenance, & you should disdain him with your taunts? Heu! with gyle, I aduise thee on my displeasure, eyther reconcile thy selfe betimes, and reforme thy vnrerent termes, or I will disclaime the loue of a Father, and deale by thee no more as a daughter. Olympia, who already had sufficiently bitten on the brydle, took these words more vnkindly then all her former bitterness, which shee digested but slowly: neuerthelesse making necessitie the present times best policie, shee humbled her selfe as shee might with modestie, and desired the best interpretation of what was past. Pleusidippus, whose courteous inclination could not withstand this submission, in signe of reconciliation, gaue her a *strocado deo labijs*: yet was he not so reconciled, but he kept on his purpose of going to Arcadie, where at Olympia (though she grudged inwardly, yet being loth to offend) held her peace, and determined to bestow vpon him

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him a remembrance, whereby he might be brought to thinke on her in his absence, which was the device of a bleeding heart floating in the Sea waues, curiously stamped in Gold, with this motto about it: *portum aut mortem*, alluding as it seemed, to the device in his Shield, wherein (because it was taken by by Eurilochus on the shore) was cunningly drawn in a field *argenti*, the sea waues with Venus sitting on the top, in token that his affection was already settred. Here hold this (said she) my sweet Pleusidippus, and hang it about thy necke, that when thou art in Arcadie, it may be euer in thy eye, so that these drops of ruth that paint out a painfull trust with watte thy fancie sh^d attracting strange beautie: which said, the teares gush't from her eyes, and Agenors likewise, who gave him nothing so much in charge, as to make haste of his returne. Pleusidippus, though hee could haue bin content to haue done the like for companie, yet hee had such a mind on his journey, that he brake off such ceremonies, and hasted a shipboard, & in a Barke bound for Arcadie, hauing the wind favorable, made a short cut: so as in a day and nights sitting, hee arrived on the shore lopping on the Promontorie where he, his mother, and Lamedon were first wached.

Leaue we him wandring with some few of his traine that came with him along the sea-side, to seeke out some Towne or villiage where to refresh themselves, and let vs a while to the Court of Democles, where our Philoxie began: who hauing committed his daughter with her tender babe, her husband Maximinus and Lamedon his vncle, without care or partner, to the fury of the mercilesse waues, determined to leaue the succession of his kingdome to vncertaine chance: for his wif with Sephestiaclosse (whom shee deemed to be dead) took such thought, that within short time after shee died. Democles as carelesse of all waethers, spent his time Epicure-like in all kind of pleasures, that either art or expence might afford, so as for his dissolute life hee seemed another Helio-gabalus, deriving his securitie from that groundd tranquillitie, which made it prouerbiall to the world, *No heauen but Arcadia*. Hauing spent many yeeres in this varietie of va-

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nitto, Fame determining to apply her selfe to his fancies, founded in his eare the singular beautie of his daughter Samela: he although hee were an old Colt, yet had not cast all his wanton teeth, which made him vnder the brute of being sicke of a grievous Apoplexie, scale from his Court secretly in the disguise of a shepheard, to come and seeke out Samela, who not a little proud of her new flocke, lived more contented then if shee had bene Quene of Arcadie, and Melicertus toying not a little that shee was parted from Menaphon, used every day to visite her without dread, and court her in such shepheards termes as hee had, which how they pleased her, I leave to you to imagine, when as not long after she vowed marriage to him solemnely in presence of all the shepheards, but not to be solemnized till the propheticke was fulfilled: mentioned in the beginning of this Historie. Although this penance exceeded the limits of his patience, yet hoping that the Oracle was not uttered in vaine, and might as well (albeit he knew not which way) be accomplished in him as in any other, was contented to make a vertue of necessity, and await the utmost of his destinie. But Pleusidippus, who by this time had perfected his policies, exchanging his garments with one of the Heardgrames of Menaphon, tracing over the plaines in the habite of a shepheard, chanced to meet with Democles as hee was new come into those quarters, whom mistaking for an old shepheard, he began many impertinent questions belonging to the shep-cotes; at last hee asked him if hee knew Samelaces shepfold: who answering doubtfully to all alike, made him halfe angry: and had not Samela passed by at that instant, so fill her bottle at a spring nere the foot of the Promontory, he should like enough have had first handfull of our new shepheards shepooke. But the wonder of her beautie so wrought with his wounded fancies, that he thought report a partial speaker of her praises, and came too halse to talke of such saymes. Samela spying this faire shepheard so farre overgone in his gazing, stept to him, and asked him if he knew her that he so querlookt her. Pardon me, faire shepheardesse (said Pleusidippus,

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dippus) if it be a fault, for I cannot chuse being Eagle-sighted, but gaze on the Sonne the first time I see it. And truly I cannot chuse but compare you to one of Asps Apes, that finding a Cloot-worm in the night, take it for a fire: and you seeing a face full of deformities, mistake it for the Sun. Indeed it may be mine eyes made opposite to such an object may fall in their office, having their lights rebated by such brightnesse. Nay, not unlike, quoth Samela, for else out of doubt you would see your way better. Why, quoth Pleusidippus, I cannot goe out of the way, when I meete such glistering Goodnesses in my way. How now, Sir Paris, are you out of your Arithmeticker? I thinke you have lost your wits with your eyes, that mistake Arcadie for Ida, and a Shepheardesse for a Goodesse. How ever it please you (quoth Pleusidippus) to derogate from my prowess by the title of Paris, know that I am not so farre out of my Arithmeticke, but that by multiplication I can make tene of one, in an houres warning, or bee as good as a cipher to fill up a place at the worst hand: for my wit sufficeth, be it never so simple, to prove both *re* and *vare*, that there can be no *vacuum in rerum natura*: and mine eyes, or else they deceiue me, will enter so farre in art, as, *niger est contrarius albo*, and teach me how to discerne twixt blacke and white.

Such other circumstance of pizattle passed betwene them, which the Arcadian records doe not shew, nor I remember: sufficeth, he pleaded love, and was repulsed: which drove him into such a choler, that meeting his supposed Shepheard, who lying vnder a bush had all this while over-heard them, he entred into such termes of indignation, as Love shaking his earth-quaking hayre, when he sate in consultation of Licaon. Wherefore Democles perceiving Pleusidippus repulsed, who was every way graced with the ornaments of nature, beganne to cast ouer his badde penny-worths, in whose face age had furrowed her wrinkles, except he should lay his Crowne downe at her feete, and tell her hee was King of Arcadia; which in Common-wealths respects, seeming not commodious, hee thought to turne

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a new lease, and made this young Shepheard the means
to perfect his purpose. He had not farr from that place a
strong Castle, which was inhabited as then by none but
Tilmen and Beardgrimes, thither did he perswade Pleu-
sidippus to carry her prisoner, and assert that by constraint,
that he could not avenge by entreaty, who listening not a lit-
tle to this counsaile, that was neuer plotted for his advan-
tage, presently put in practice what hee of late gave in pre-
cepts, and waiting till the evening that Samel should sold
her there, having given his men the watch-word, murther
all the shephearbes abiding, he mounted her behind him;
and being by Democles directed to the Castle, hee made
such hauchte among the stubborn Beardmen, that will
they will they, he was Lord of the Castle. Yet might not this
proude toth Samel, who constant to her olde Shepheard,
would not entertaine amorous love: which made Pleusi-
dippus thinke all his hardi-ness lost in the reaping, and blis with all
his delighte with a mournfull weeping.

But Democles, that lookt for a mountaine of Gold in a
spot, him finding her alone, begonne to discourse his love
in most amorous manner then ever Pleusidippus, telling her
how hee was a King: what his reuenues were, what
power hee had to aduance her, with many other proude
vaunts of his wealth, and prodigall termes of his treasure.
Samel hearing the name of a King, and perceiving him to
be her Father, stood amazed like Medusæ. Metamorpho-
sis, and blushing oft with intermingled sighes, begonne to
thinke how inferiour Fortune was to her, she was in such
an incestuous Father: but hee, hot-spurred in his purpose,
gave her no time to deliberate or consider of the matter,
but required either a quick consent, or a present deniall. She
told him, that the Shepheard Melicertes was already in-
stilled in the interest of her beauty: wherefore it was in
vaine what hee by any other could plead in the way of per-
suasion.

She thereupon entering into a large field of the balenette
of shepheards, and royalties of Kings, with many other as-
sembled

seemled arguments of delight, that would haue fetcht Venus from her Sphere to disport: but Samella, whose mouth could digest no other meate save onely her sweet Melicertus, ashamed so long to hold parley with her father about such a matter, flung away to her withdrawing Chamber in a dissembled rage: and there, after her wonted manner bewailed her misfortune and anguish.

Democles, plunged thus in a Labyrinth of restless passions, seeing Melicertus figure was so deeply printed in the centre of her thoughts, as neither the resolution of his fancie, his metamorphosis from a King to a Trauailer, Crowns, Ringdones, paterments, (batteries that scone ouerthrote the fortreffe of womens fantasies) when Democles, I say, saw that none of these could remove Samella, hearing that the Arcadian Shepheards were in an vprore for the losse of their beautifull Shepheardesse, his hate loue changing to a bird of coy disdain, hee intended by some reuenge, epyther to obtaine his loue, or satisfie his hate: whereupon thoroughly resolved, hee stole away secretly in his shepheards apparell, and got him downe to the plaines, where he found all the Swaimes in a mutinie about the recovery of their beautifull Paragon. Democles stepping amongst the rebvls, demaunded the cause of their contouersie. Mary sir, quoth Doron, bluntly, the flower of all our garland is gone. How meane you that sir, quoth hee? We had, answered Doron, an ewe amongst our Rams, whose fleece was as white as the bayes that grow on Father Bo-reas chinne, as as the dangling bewlap of the silver Bull, her front curled like to the Erimanthyan Boare, and span-gled like to the toofted stockings of Saturne, her face like Mars treading vpon the milke-white cloudes: beleue me, Shepheard, her eyes like the fierie torches tilting against the spoone: This Paragon, this none, such, this ewe, this Mistris of our flockes, was by a wily Forstolne from our folds, for which these shepheards assemble themselves to recover so wealtly a prize. What is hee, quoth Menaphon, that Doron is in such debate with? Fellows, canst thou tell

Greenes Arcadia.

vs any newes of the faire Shepherdesse, that the Knight of
 Thessalie hath carried away from her fellow Nymphes. De-
 moicles thinking to take opportunitie by the forehead, & se-
 ing time had feathered his boit, willing to assay as he might
 to hit the marke: began thus. Shepheards, you se my pro-
 fession is your trade, and although my wandring fortunes
 bee not like your home-bozns fauours, yet were I in the
 Crookes of Thessalian Tempe, as I am in the plaines of
 Arcadie, the Swaines would giue me as many due honours,
 as they present you here with submisse reuerence. Wenty
 that diuine Apollo from heauen to play the Shepheard, that
 fetcht loue from heauen to beate the shape of a Bull for A-
 genors daughter, the excellencie of such a metaphysicall ver-
 tue, I mean (shepheards) the same of your faire Samiela, ho-
 uering in the sars of euery man as a miracle of nature,
 brought mee from Thessaly to sed mine eyes with Arcadies
 wonder: stepping along the ways to come to some shepe-
 cate, where my wearie limmes might haue rest. A oue that
 so; my labors thought to lead me to fancies pavillion, was
 my conduct to a Cattle, where a Thessalian Bright lyes in
 hold; the Doxtullis was let downe, the bridge drawne, the
 court of gard kept: thither I went; & so; my tongue I was
 knowne to be a Thessalian, I was entertained and lodged:
 the Knight whose peeres are yong, and valoure matchlesse,
 holding in his armes a Lady more beautifull then Loues
 Quene, all blubbed with teares, asked me many questions,
 which as I might I replied vnto: but while he talkt, mine
 eye surfeiting with such excellencie: was detained vpon the
 glorious shew of such a wonderfull object: I demaunded
 what she was, of the standers by, and they said she was the
 faire Shepherdesse, whom the Knight had taken from the
 Swains of Arcadie; and would carry with first wind that
 serued into Thessalie: this (shepheards) I know, and grieue
 that thus your loues should be ouermatcht with Fortune,
 and your affections puld backe by contrarietie of destinie.
 Melicertus hearing this, the fire sparkling out of his eyes,
 began thus, I tell thee, shepheard, if Fates with their fore-
pointing

Greenes Arcadia.

Pointing pensils did pen downe, or fortune with the deepe
 varietie resolute, or loue with his greatest power determines
 to depeine Arcadia of the beautifull Samela, wee would with
 our bloud signe downe such spels on the plaines, that either
 our gods should summon her to Elizium, or the rest with vs
 quiet & fortunate: thou seest the shepheards are by in Armes
 to reuenge, only it rests who shal haue the honor and princi-
 palitie of the field. What needs that question, quoth Men-
 phon, am not I the Kings Shepheard, and chiefe of all the
 bordering Swaines of Arcadia? I grant, quoth Melicertes,
 but am not I a Gentleman, though tyred in a shepheards
 skincote, superior to this in birth, though equall now in pro-
 fession? What, from words they had saide to blowes, had not
 the shepheards parted them, and so; the avoiding of further
 troubles, it was agreed that they should in two Eglogues
 make description of their loue: and Democles, so; he was a
 stranger, to sit Censor, and who best could decipher his
 spiritis perfection, should be made generall of the rest. Me-
 naphon and Melicertes consented to this motion, and
 Democles sitting as a Iudge, the rest of the shepheards stand-
 ing as witnesses of this combate, Menaphon began thus.

Menaphons Eglogue.

Too weake the wit, too slender is the braine,
 That meanes to marke the power and worth of loue:
 Not one that liues (except he hap to proue)
 Can tell the sweet, or tell the secret paine.

Yet I that haue beene prentice to the grieve,
 Like to the cunning Sea-man, from as farre
 By gesse will take the beautie of that starre,
 Whole influence must yeeld me chiefe reliefe.

You Censors of the glory of my deare,
 With reuerence, and lowly bent of knee:
 Attend and marke what her perfections be,
 For in my words my fancies shall appeare.

Her lockes are plighted like the fleece of wooll,
 That Iason with his Grecian mares atchin'de:

Greenes Arcadia.

As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriv'd,
 As full of sweets, as sweet as sweets is full:
 Her browes are prettie tables of varice,
 Where loue his records of delight doth quote:
 On them her dallying lockes doe dallye stoke,
 As loue full of dachteere vpon die bane:
 Her eyes, faire eyes, like to the purest lightes
 That animate the Sunne, or glerre the daie:
 In whom the shining Sun-beames brightly plaie,
 Whiles fancy doth on them diuine delights
 Her cheekes like ripened lilles sleepe in wine,
 Or faire Pomegranate kernels washt in milke;
 Or snow-white chieles, in nets of crimson filke,
 Or gorgeous cloudes vpon the Sunnes decline:
 Her lips like Roses ouerwast with dew,
 Or like the purple of *Narcissus* flower:
 No frost their faire, no winde doth waste their power,
 But by her breath, her beauties doe renew.
 Her chistall chin like to the purest mold,
 Each'd with daintiest Daisies soft and white:
 Where fancies faire Pavilion once is pight,
 Whereas inbrac'd his beauties he doth hold.
 Her necke like to an Inorie shining Towre,
 Where through with azure veines sweet *Nectar* runnes:
 Or like the downe of Swannes where *Sinners* wonnes;
 Or like delight that doth it selfe deuoure.
 Her paps are like faire Apples in the prime,
 As round as orient pearles, as soft as downe:
 They neuer veile their faire through winters frowne;
 But from their sweets loue suckt his Summer time.
 Her bodies beauties best esteemed bowre,
 Delicious comely, daintie, without staine:
 The thought whereof (not toucht) hath wrought my paine,
 Whose faire, all faire and beauties doth deuoure.
 Her maiden wound, the dwelling house of pleasure,
 Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder:
 O blest is he may bring such beauties vnder,

Greenes Arcadia.

Or search by sute the secrets of that treasure.

Deuour'd in thought, how wanders my deuice?
What rests behind I must diuine vpon.

Who talks the best, can say but fairer none:
Few words well coucht doe most content the wise.

All you that heare, let not my filly stile
Condemne my zeale: for what my tongue should say,
Serues to inforce my thoughts to seeke the way,
Whereby my woes and cares I doe beguile.

Seld speaketh Loue, but sighes his secret paines,
Teares are his Truce-men, words doe make him tremble:
How sweet is loue to them that can dissemble,
In thoughts and lookes, till they haue reapt the gaires?

A lonely I am plaine, and what I say
I thinke, yet what I thinke tongue cannot tell:
Sweet Censors, take my filly worst for well:
My faith is firme, though homely be my try.

After the haplesse Menaphon had in this homely discourse
shadowed his heavenly delight; the Shepheard Melicertus,
after some pause, began in this sort.

Melicertus Eglogue.

What need compare, where sweet exceeds compare?
Who draws his thoughts of loue from sencelesse things,
Their pompe and greatest glorie doth impair,
And mount Loues heauen with ouer-leaden wings.

Stones, hearbes, and flowers, the foolish spoiles of earth,
Flouds, metals, colours, dalliance of the eye:
These shew, conceit is stain'd with too much dearch:
Such abstract fond compares make cunning dye.

But he that hath the feeling taste of loue,
Deriues his essence from no earthly ioy:
A weake conceit his power cannot approue,
For earthly thoughts are subiect to annoy.

Greenes Arcadia

Be whist, be still, be silent Censours now,
My fellow-swaine, hee as told a prettie Tale,
Which moderne Poets may perhaps allow,
Yet I condemne the termes, for they are stale.

Apollo, when my *Mistis* first was borne,
Cut off his lockes, and left them on her head,
And said, I plant these wires in *Natures* scorne,
Whose beauty shall appeare when Time is dead.

From forth the *Chrystal* Heaven, when she was made,
The puritie thereof did taint her brow:
On which the glistering *Sunne* that sought the shade,
Can set, and there his glories doth auow.

These eyes, faire eyes, too faire to be describe,
Were those that earst the *Chaos* did reforme:
To whom the heauens, their beauties haue ascribede,
That fasten life in man, in beast, in worme.

When first her faire delicious cheekes were wrought,
Aurora brought her blush, the *Moone* her white:
Both so combine as passed natures thought,
Compile those prettie Orbes of sweet delight.

When *Loue* and *Nature* once were proude with play,
From both their lips her lips the corall drew:
On them doth fancie sleepe, and euerie day,
Doth swallow ioy, such sweet delights to view.

Whilome, while *Venus* sonne did seeke a bowre,
To sport with *Pisces*, his desired deare,
He chose her chin, and from that happy florvre,
He neuer flints in glorie to appeare.

Desires and ioyes that long had serued *Loue*,
Behold a hold, whence prettie eyes might woo them:
Loue made her necke, and for their best behoue
Hath shut them there, whence no man can vndoe them.

Once *Venus* dreamt vpon two pretie things,
Her thoughts they were affections chiefeest nests:
She suckt and sighde, and bathide her in the springs,
And when she wakre, they were my *Mistis* breasts.

Once

Greene Arcadia.

Once Cupid sought a hold to couch his kisses, And found the bodie of my best belou'd,
Wherein he close the beautie of his blisses,
And from that bowre can neuer be remou'd.

The Graces eare, when *Alcedonian* Springs
Were waxen drie, perhaps did find her fountaine
Within the bale of blisse, where *Cupids* wings
Doe shield the *Nectar* fleeing from the mountaine.

No more, fond man things infinite, I see,
Brooke no dimension: hell a foolish speech,
For endlesse things may neuer talked be,
Then let me live to honour and beseech.

Sweet Natures pompe, if my deficient phrasement
Hath stain'd thy glories by too little skill,
Yeeld pardon, though mine eye that long did gaze,
Hath left no better patterne to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detain
Your listening eares with dalliance of my tongue:
I speake my ioyes, but yet conceale my paine;
My paine too olde, although my yeeres be young.

As soone as *Melicertus* had ended this *Oglogue*, they expected the doome of *Democles*; who hearing the stoute description, wherein *Melicertus* described his *Epistris*, wondered that such rare conceits could bee harboured under a Shepheards gray clothing: at last hee made this answer:
Arcadian Swaines, whose wealth is content, whose labour
Is tempered with sweete loues, whose mindes aspire not,
Whose thoughts brooke no enuie, only as rivals in affection,
You are friendly emulation in honest game: Sith fortune
(as enemie to your quiet) hath reft you of your faire
Shepherdesse (the worlds wonder, & *Arcadies* miracle) and
one of you as champion must lead the rest to reuenge; both
desirous to shew your valor as your softwardnesse in affection,
& yet (as I said) one to be whole chieftaine of the traine,
I awarde to *Melicertus* that honour (as to him that hath
most curiously portrayed out his *Epistris* excellence) to:

brave the sole rule and supremacy. At this, Menaphon grumbled, and Melicertus was in an extasse of joy. So that gathering all his forces together of stout head-strong clovners amounting to the number of some 200. hee apparrelled himselfe in armour, colour sabled, as mourning for his wife: in his shield hee had figured the waues of the sea, Venus sitting on them in the height of all her pride. Thus marched Melicertus forward with old Democles, the supposed shepheard, till they came to the Castle where Pleusidippus and his faire Samela were resident. As soone as they came there, Melicertus begirt the Castle with such a siege, as so many shepish Cavaliers could furnish: which when hee had done, summoned them in the Castle to parley: the young knight slept upon the wals, and seeing such a crew of base companions, with iackets and rustie bills on their backs, fell into a great laughter, and began to taunt them thus: Why, what strange Metamorphosis is this? Are the plaines of Arcadie, whilome filled with labourers, now overlaid with Launces? Are shepe transformed into men, swaines into souldiers, and a wandring companie of poore shepheards, into a worthie troupe of resolute Champions: No doubt, either Pan meanes to play the God of warre, or else these be but such men as rose of the teeth of Cadmus. Now, I see the beginning of your warres, and the pretended end of your stratagems: the shepheards having a madding humour like the Greekes to seek for the recoverie of Helena, so you for the regaining of your faire Samela. Here she is a shepheardsesse, I a Priam to defend her with resistance of a ten yeres siege yet, so I were loth to have any castle sackt like Troy, I pray you tell me, which is Agamemnon? Melicertus hearing the knight speaking thus proudly, having the sparks of honor fresh under the cinders of poverty, incited with love and valour, (two things to animate the most daffard Thersites to enter combat against Hercules) answered thus: Unknowne yonger of Thessalie, if the feare of thy hardy deeds, were like the diapason of thy threats, wee would thinke the Castle of longer siege, then either our a-

Greene's Arcadia.

ges would permit, or our valour adventures: but where the
 shelle is most shallow, there the water breakes most high:
 emptie vessels haue the highest sounds: hallo to rockes the
 lowdest echoes. & prattling Glazior the smallest perfor-
 mance of courage: for p'pose whereat, seeing thou hast made
 a rap of faire Samela, one of her belov'd shepherds is come
 for the safetie of her sheeto take, to challenge thee to single
 combat: if thou overcome mee, thou shalt freely passe with
 the shepherdes to Thessalie: if I binquish thee, thou shalt
 feele the burden of thy rashnesse, and Samela the sweetnesse
 of her libertie. Pleusidippus marvelled at the resolution of
 the shepherd: but when Democles heard how if he wonne,
 he should be transported into Thessalie, a world of sorrows
 tumbled in his discontented b'aine, that hee hammered in
 his head by many menues to stay the faire Samela: for when
 Pleusidippus in a great choler was ready to throwe downe
 his gantlet, and to accept of the combat, Democles slept by,
 and spake thus: *Worthy* Heroes of resolute magnani-
 mity, whose thoughts are above your fortunes, and whose
 valour more than your reasonnes know that Witches that
 puppie in haste, bring forth blind *Whelpes*, that there is no
 herbe sooner sprung up than the Sparrackia, nor sooner fa-
 deth the fruits so soon ripe are quickly rotten, that deeds
 done in haste are repented at leisure. Then b'ane from in so
 weightie a cause, and for the conquest of so excellent a Para-
 gon, let not one minute begin and end the quarrell, but like
 Fabius of Rome be delay in such dangerous exploits, when
 honoz sits on wreaths of Laurell to gine *him* his Gar-
 land: defer it some three daies, & then in solemn manner end
 the combat. To this good motion, not only Pleusidippus, and
 Melicertus agreed, but all *the* company were consenting, and
 upon pledges of frute given, they rested. But Democles, see-
 ing in covert hee could not conquer, and that in despairing
 tones secrecie was no false, he dispatcht letters to the Pu-
 bilitie of his Court, with strait charge that they should bee
 in that place within three daies with 10000. strong. This
 newes came no sooner to the Generall of his forces, but le-
 uying

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nyng so many approued shouldiers, hee marched secretly
 by night to the place Democles in his Letters had prefer-
 red, and there happily entertained by the King, they were
 placed in ambush ready when the signall should be giuen
 to issue out of the place, & persewue their Soueraignes com-
 mand. Well, the third day being come, no sooner did Titan
 arise from the watery couch of his Nemean, but these two
 Champions were ready in the lists, accompanied with the
 rout of all the Arcadian Shepheards, and old Democles whom
 they had appointed for one of the Judges. Pleusidippus see-
 ing Melicertus aduance on his shield the waues of the Sea,
 with a Venus sitting vpon them, marvelled what the shep-
 heard should be that gave this Armes, and Melicertus was
 as much amazed to see a strange Thessalian Knight vaunt
 his Armes without difference: yet being so fraught with
 direful reuenge, as they stoord to salute each other so much
 as with threats, they fell toughly to blowes. Samela stand-
 ing on top of a Turret, and viewing the combat, the poore
 Lady greewing, that for her cause such a stratageme should
 arise in Arcadie, her countenance full of sorrow, & floods of
 teares falling from her eyes, shee began to breathe out her
 passion. Unfortunate Samela, bozne to misshaps, & forepoin-
 ted to suffer fortunes, whose blowes were ripened to mis-
 chace, and whose fruit is like to wither with despair, in thy
 youth fate discontent prunning her selfe in thy forehead, now
 in thy age sorrow hides her selfe amongst the wrinckles of
 thy face; thus art thou unfortunate in the prime, and crossed
 with contrary accidents in thy autumn, as haplesse as He-
 lena, to haue the burden of warres laid on the wings of thy
 beauty. And who must be the Champion? whose sword must
 pierce the Helmet of thine enemy? Whose blood must pur-
 chase the freedome of Samela, but Melicertus? If he conquer,
 then Samela triumphs, as if shee had beene chiefe Victoz in
 the Olympiades: if hee lose euery droppe falling from his
 wounds into the centre of his thoughts, as his death to him,
 so shall it be to me, the end of my loues, my life, and my
 liberty. As still she was about to goe forward in her passion,

the

Greene's Arcadia.

the trumpet sounded, and they fell to fight in such furious sort, as the Arcadians and Democles himselfe wondered to see the courage of the shepheard, that he tryed the knight to such a sore taske. Pleusidippus likewise feeling an extraordinary kind of force, & seeing with what courage the knight of the shepheards fought, began to conjecture diuersly of the warre, and to feare the event of the combat. On the contrary part, Melicertus halfe wearied with the beaue blowes of Pleusidippus, stood in a maze how so pong a way should be so expert in his weapon.

Thus debating diuersly in their severall thoughts, at length being both weary, they stept backe, and leaning on their swords, tooke breath: gazing each on other. At last, Pleusidippus burst into these speeches. Shepheard in life, though now a Gentleman in armor, if thy degree be better, I glory, I am not disgraced with the combat: tell me, how darrest thou so farre wrong mee, as to beate mine armes on thy shield? Pincocks (quoth Melicertus) thou lyest, they be mine owne, and thou contrary to the law of Armes bearest my Crest without difference, in which quarrell, seeing it concerneth my honour, I will reuenge it as saure as my lones: and with that he gaue such a charging blow at Pleusidippus helme, that he had almost ouer-turned him: Pleusidippus left not the blow vnrquited, but doubled his force: insomuch that the hazard of the battell was doubtfull, and both of them were faine to take breath againe. Democles seeing his time, that both of them were so weakened, gaue the watch-word, and the ambush lept out, slaughtered many of the shepheards, put the rest to flight, tooke the two Champions prisoners, and sacking the Castle, carryed them and the faire Samela to his Court: letting the shephearde she haue her liberty, but putting Melicertus and Pleusidippus into a deep and darke dungeon.

Where leaving these passionate Lovers in this Catastrophe, againe to Doron, the homely blunt shepheard: who hauing bene long chamonred of Carmela, much good wooing past betwixt them, and yet little speeding: at last,

Greene's Arcadia.

both of them met hard by the Wyomontoy of Arcadie, the leading forth her sheepe, and he going to see his new yearred Lambes. As soone as they met, breaking a few quarter blowes with such country glances as they could, they gazed one at another louingly. At last, Doron manfully began thus.

Carmela, by my troth good morrow, it is as daintie to see you abroad, as to eate a messe of sweet milke in Ioly: you are proued such a house-dome of late, or rather so good a hushwife, that no man may see you vnder a couple of Capons: the Church-yard may stand long enough ere you will come to looke on it, and the Piper may beg for euery penny he gets out of your purse: but it is no matter, you are in loue with some stout Ruffier, and yet poore folkes, such as I am, must be content with pottage: and with that, turning his backe, he smiled in his sleeve, to see how kindly he had giuen her the bob: which Carmela seeing, she thought to be reuen with him thus.

Indeed, Doron, you say well, it is long since we met, and our house is a grange house with you: but we haue tied by the great dog, and when you come, you shall haue green rushes, you are such a stranger: but it is no matter, some hote, some cold, he that mingles himselfe with drasse, the hogges will eate him: and shee that lapes her loue on an vnkind man, shall find sorrow enough to eate her sops withall. And with that, Carmela was so full stomackt that she wept.

Doron, to shew himselfe a naturall yong man, gaue her a few kind kisses to comfort her, and sware, that shee was the woman he loued best in the world, and for prooffe (quoth he) thou shalt heare what I will payle: and you (quoth she) what I will perforce. And so taking hand in hand, they kindly fate them downe, and began to discourse their loues in these Eglogues.

Dorons Eglogues ioyned with Carmelaes.

Sit downe, Carmela, heere are cubs for Kings,
Sloues blacke as Ier, or like my Christmas shoes:

Sweete

Greenes Arcadia.

Sweet Sidar, which my leathern bottle brings:
Sit downe, *Carmela*, let me kisse thy toes.

Carmela.

Ah, *Doron*, ah my hart, thou art as white
As is my mothers Calfe, or brinded Cow:
Thine eyes are like the slow-wormes in the night,
Thine haire resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deepe and cleere,
Like to the furrowes of my fathers waine:
Thy sweat vpon thy face doth oft appeare,
Like to my mothers fat and kitchin gaine.

Ah, leaue my toe, and kisse my lips, my loue,
My lips are thine, for I haue giuen them thee:
Within thy cap tis thou shalt weare my gloue,
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

Doron.

Carmela deare, euen as the golden ball
That *Venus* got, such are thy goodly eyes,
When cherries iuyce is iumbled therewithall:
Thy breath is like the steame of apple-pyes.

Thy lips resemble two Cowcubers faire,
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine,
Thy speech is like the thunder in the ayre:
Would God thy toes, thy lips and all were mine.

Carmela.

Doron, What thing doth moue this wishing griefe?

Doron.

This Loue, *Carmela*, ah, tis cruell Loue:
That like a slaue, and cayeine villaine theefe,
Hath cut my throat of ioy for my behoue.

Carmela.

Where was he borne?

Doron.

In faith I know not where:
But I haue heard much talking of his dart:
Aye me poore man, with many a trickling teare,
I feele him wound the forcheare of my hart.

Greenes Arcadia.

What, doe I loue? O no, I doe but talke.
What, shall I die for loue? O no, not so:
What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walke.
Come kisse *Carmela*, and confound my woe.

Carmela.

Even with this kisse, as once my father did,
I scale the sweet endures of delight:
Before I breake my vow, the gods forbid,
No not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

Doron.

Even with this garland made of Holly-hocks,
I crosse thy browes, from euerie shepheards kisse:
Heigh ho, how glad am I to touch thy locks,
My irollicke heart euen now a free man is.

Carmela.

I thanke you *Doron*, and will thinke on you:
I loue you *Doron*, and will winke on you:
I scale your chapter parent with my thumbe,
Come kisse and part, for feare my mother comes.

Thus ended this merrie Eplogue betwixt *Doron* and
Carmela: which (Gentlemen) if it be writt with pottle sol-
milies, and farre fetched Metaphors, thinke the poore coun-
try Louers knew no further comparisons then came twixt
in compasse of their country Logicke. Well, tis was a good
world, when such simplicitie was used, sayes the old Wis-
men of our time, when a ring of a rush would tie as much
loue together as a glimion of gold: but gentlemen, since
we haue talkt of loue so long, you shall giue me leave to
shew my opinion of that foolish fante, there.

Sonetto.

What thing is loue? It is a power diuine,
That reignes vs, or else a wreakfull law,
That doomes our mindes to beauty to incline.
It is a starre, whose influence doth draw

Our

Greene's Arcadia.

Our hearts to loude dissembling of his might;
Till he be master of our hearts and fight;
Love is a discord, and a strange diuorce
Betwix our sense and reason, by whose power
As mad with reason we admit that force,
Which wit or labour power may deuoure.

It is a will that brooketh no consent:
It would refuse, yett neuer may repent:
Love is a desire, which for to waite time
Doth lose an age of yeeres, and so doth passe
As doth the shadow leaured from his prime,
Seeming as though it were, yett neuer was
Leauing behinde nought but a penuried thought.

Of dayes ill spent, for that which profit nought
It shew a peace, and then a sudden warre;
A hope confounde before it is conceind,
At hand it feares, and menaceth a farre;
And he that games, is most of all deceind.

It is a secret hidden and not knowne,
Which one may better feele then wisen vpon.

Thus Gentlemen haue you heard my verdit in this Sonnetto, now will I returne to Doronians Camples, who not seeing her mother come, fell againe to a soft humely kisses, and thus it was.

After they had thus amorously eured their Aglours, they plighted faith and troth, and Camples very busily kissing her mouth with a white apoule, called it with a kiss, which Doron taking most deliciously by, after a little playing lust to depart, they both went about their businesse. Leauing them therefore to their businesse, againe to Democles, who seeing no entertainment would come to perswade Samella to loue, neither the hope of the Arcadian warres, nor the title of a Prince, lusty allures, nor reason's threats, but all in vaine. For Samella, first restrained by nature, in that he was her father, and bound by love, in that Melicertes lay imprisoned onely for her sake, thus still in the

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to her tackling, that Democles changing loue into hate, resolved to revenge that with death, which no means else might satisfie: so that to colour his frauds withall, hee gave Samela free libertie to visite Melicertus: which she had not long done, but that by the instigation of the old King, the Gailor cōfederate to his trechery, accuseth her of adultery: whereupon without further witness they both were condemned to die. These two louers knowing themselves guiltlesse in this surmised faction, were ioyfull to end their loues with their liues, and so to conclude all in a fatall & final contēt of minds & fashions. But Democles set free Pleusidippus, as afraid lest the King of Thessalie would revenge the wrong of his knight, entertaining him with such sumptuous banquetts, as befitte so brave and worthy a Gentleman. The day prefixed came, wherein these parties should die: Samela was so desirous to end her life with her friend, that wee would not reueale either vnto Democles or Melicertus what she was: and Melicertus rather chose to die with his Samela, then once to name himselfe Maximus.

Both thus resplued, were brought to the place of execution: and Pleusidippus sitting on a scaffold with Democles, seeing Samela come forth like the bush in the morning, felt an vnconouth passion in his minde, and nature began to enter combat with his thoughts: not loue, but reuerence, not fancy, but feare began to assaile him, that he turned to the king, & said: Is it not pittie, Democles, such diuine beauty should be wrapt in cindeles? No, quoth Democles, where the anger of a King must bee satisfied. At this, answered Pleusidippus wrapt his face in his cloke and wept, and all the assistants grieued to see so faire a creature subject to the violent rage of Fortune. Well, Democles commanded the death-man to doe his deuoyre, who kneeling downe and crating pardon, ready to giue Melicertus the fatall stroake, there steyt out an old woman attired like a Prophetesse, who cryed out, Villaine, hold thy hand, thou wrongest the Daughter of a King. Democles hearing the outcry, & seeing that at that word the people began to mutinie and murmur, demanded

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ded of the olde woman what she meant. But, quoth Democles, is the Delphian Oracle performed. Nepheus hath yielded by the worlds wonder, and that is yong Pleusidippus nephew to this, and sonne to faire Sephestia, who here standeth vnder the name of Samela, cast vpon the Promontory of Arcadia with her yong sonne, where she as a Shepherdesse hath liued in such temperance with lones: her Son playing on the shore, was conuinc'd by certain Pirates into Theiſaly, where (when as hee was supposed every way to be dead, doing deeds of chivalry, hee fulfilled the prophetic: your highnes beginning the Lion, was guide vnto the lambs, in dissembling your selfe a shepherd, placing resting vpon the hills, was that picture of Venus vpon their crosses: and the seas that had neither ebbe nor tide, was the combat twixt the father and the Son, that gaue the waues of the Sea in their shields, not able to vanquish one another, but parting with equall victory. For know (Democles) this Melicertus is Maximus, twice betrothed to Sephestia, and father to yong Pleusidippus: now therefore the Oracle fulfilled, is the happy time wherein Arcadie shall rest in peace. At this, the people gaue a great shout, and the olde woman banisht Democles as a man rauiſht with an extasse of ioyaine toy, safe still, and stared on the face of Sephestia. Pleusidippus in all outtie leapt from his seat, and went and couered his mother with his robe, craying pardon for the fondnesse of his incestuous affection: and kneeling at his fathers feet submisſe, in that he had drawne his sword, and sought his life that first in the world gaue him life. Maximus first looke on his wife, and seeing by the lineaments of her face, that it was Sephestia, fell about her necke, and both of them weeping in the bosome of her Sonne, shed teares for ioy to see him so haue a Gentleman. Democles all this while sitting in a trance, at last calling his senses together, seeing his daughter reuiued, whom so cruelly for the loue of Maximus hee had banished out of his confines, Maximus in safety, and the child a matchlesse Paragon of approued chivalrie, he lept from his seate, and embraced them all with teares,

teares, raising pardon of Maximilian and Sephestia: and so
 that the outward object of his wretched eyes had a
 sympathy with the inward passion of his heart. He impal-
 led the head of his young Sephestia Pleusidippus with the
 Crowne and Diademe of Arcadia: for that his brother La-
 medon had in all distress not left his daughter Sephestia, he
 took the matter so kindly, that he reconciled himselfe unto
 him, and made him Duke in Arcadia. The success of this
 so-rehearsed Catastrophe gooding to Comickall, they all
 concluded after the solemn solemnizing of the Coronation
 (which was made famous with the excellent dards of many
 worthy Cavaliers,) to passe into Thebais, to contract the
 marriage betwixt Pleusidippus, and the daughter of the
 Thebais King. Which newes tyed through Arcadie as a
 wonder, that at last it came to Menaphons eares: who hea-
 ring the high parentage of his supposed Samela, (his
 passions were so aspiring) that with the Syrian Wolves
 he backed against the Stone, he left such Tattle as werd
 fine for his lips, and courted his old loue Pefana, to whom
 shortly after he was married. And lest there should bee

left any thing imperfect in this pastozall accident,

Doron smothered himselfe up, and sum-

med a marriage with his

old friend Car-

mels.

FINIS.